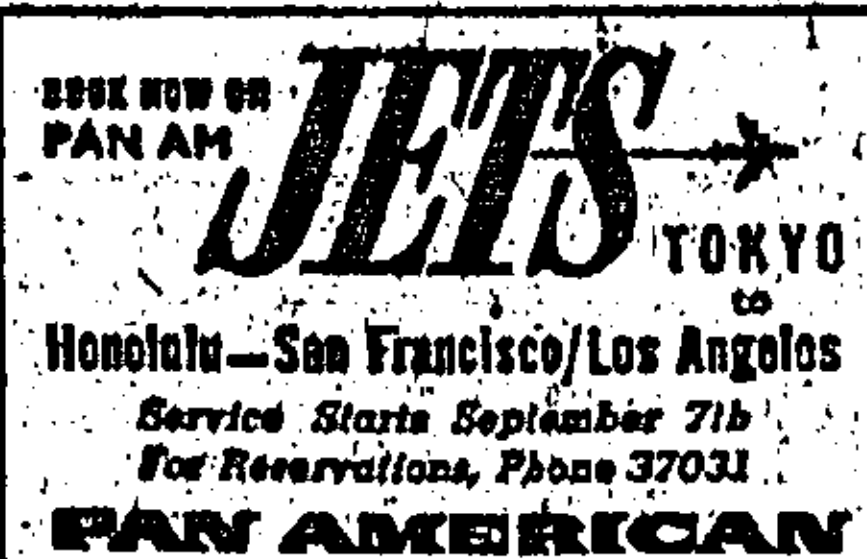


CHINA MAIL

No. 37454

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1959

Price 30 Cents



Comment Of The Day

EXCESSIVELY FINICKY?

Either Hongkong is cursed with an excessively finicky population—or else our public utilities are the worst in the world. This is the impression conveyed by newspaper correspondents at any rate. Probably the truth is that our utilities run by private enterprise are no worse than anywhere else. But as so many of our citizens have no chance of seeing others in action elsewhere they tend to be hypercritical.

But there is always the danger that utilities whether private or governmental will fall below standards which the public regard as adequate and desirable and nowhere is this likely to be more noticeable than in a monopoly which provides goods or services for mass use. A commission of inquiry is shortly to investigate whether Government should have some kind of control over electricity supply companies. We hope it is found necessary.

But there is an idea which Government should itself investigate and that is the establishment of a Public Utilities Supervisory Commission or Board of Appeal. Its job would be simply to keep an eye on the operations of the utilities and receive public representations. The committee may object that this constitutes an unwarranted intrusion, but at least the public will have some chance of redress in the event of getting no satisfaction from the company concerned.

The Commission should consist of senior officials of the Colonial Secretariat and members of the public not connected with any utility acting as assessors. We feel that it would not be rapidly overburdened with complaints, as newspaper correspondence columns suggest it would be. Many letters published over pseudonyms in newspapers tend to be irresponsible critical which they would not be if the identity of the author were disclosed. Anonymous complaints would be ignored, as they generally are today.

The chief virtue of the Commission is that the complainant with a real grievance would be sure of having his case properly investigated by disinterested observers. We urge Government to set up something along these lines.

LAOS CRISIS MOUNTING

Hammaraskjold Calls Security Council Meeting

United Nations, Sept. 4.

An appeal from Laos for United Nations forces to quell "aggression" from Communist North Vietnam today caused the Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammaraskjold to cut short a Latin-American tour to deal with the mounting crisis.

And tonight he proposed that the Security Council be called into session on Sunday or Monday to discuss the appeal by Laos for United Nations forces.

Mr. Hammaraskjold will arrive back in New York from Brazil tomorrow afternoon. He had not planned to return until Sunday.

In a letter delivered here today, the Foreign Minister of Laos, M. Khampan Panya, formally requested the "prompt dispatch of an emergency force to halt aggression and to prevent its spreading."

He asked Mr. Hammaraskjold to "apply the appropriate procedure" to his demand—calling a meeting of the Security Council.

Surprise

Today's move apparently caught many delegations by surprise as envoys and their staffs were preparing for a relaxing weekend to celebrate the American Labour Day holiday.

The question immediately arose whether the 11-member Council might be called into session over the week-end. There was no word that the Laotian delegation had made contact with the Council President, Signor Egidio Ortiga of Italy, but the Charge d'Affaires of Laos, M. Thepachay Vilhongs, was expected to see Mr. Hammaraskjold shortly after the Secretary-General's return tomorrow.

U.S. Concern

In Washington the State Department said today it had received "additional disturbing reports" from Laos and was giving them urgent study.

At the same time, the Department spokesman, Mr. Lincoln White, declined to forecast United States reaction to the Laotian request for a United Nations emergency force, but recalled the consistent record of U.S. support for the Laotian Government.

Mr. White did not specify the contents of the disturbing new

reports which had reached Washington.

The New York Times reported today in a dispatch from Sam Neua that Communist troops threatening that city had increased in strength to about 5,000 men in the last few days.

Vietminh Troops

Meanwhile Laotian Information Minister, Souk Chamsakha said today that it had been confirmed that Vietminh cadres were present in anti-Government Pathet Lao units, but he denied that a large-scale offensive had been launched by North Vietnamese units alone.

He told a press conference that all posts along the right bank of the Nam Ma river had been evacuated, so as to carry out anti-guerrilla operations.

He said these Vietminh cadres directed mortar fire, made operational plans and several, as peoples commissars, conducted propaganda.

He said that the Vietminh was providing food and munition for the rebels.

The Minister also gave a relatively detailed report on recent military operations in the region, during which he said both sides suffered considerable losses.—Reuter and AFP.

£50 Award For Radar 'Realism'

London, Sept. 4.

RAF Sergeant John O'Donoghue, 38, has been awarded £50 for an invention now in use with the RAF which adds more realism to radar defence training.

Announcing this here, the Air Ministry said the invention was still secret.

"Little can be said about it except that it allows pre-arranged pictures of simulated attack on this country by enemy raiders to be projected simultaneously on to all radar screens in plotting rooms throughout a given defence area," said the Ministry.—China Mail Special.

Purdy Murder Trial Opens Next Week

London, Sept. 4.

Special arrangements for the press will be made when the trial of Guenther Fritz Podola on a charge of murdering Det-Sergeant Raymond William Purdy opens at the Old Bailey here next Thursday.

Sergeant Purdy was shot dead in the hallway of a block of flats in South Kensington on July 13.

The trial judge will be Mr. Justice Edmund Davies, and Mr. Maxwell Turner, Senior Treasury Counsel at the Old Bailey, will appear for the prosecution.

Podola, a 30-year-old German-born photographer, will be defended by Mr. F. H. Lawton, QC.

So many reporters are expected to want to attend the trial that special press tickets will be issued by the clerk of the Court.—Reuter.

Typhoon Louise Hits Foochow

London, Sept. 4.

Typhoon Louise today hit the Foochow area in Fukien province, with hurricane force.

The New China news agency, however, said "Neither breaching of dykes nor loss of boats has yet been reported."

The typhoon, now weakened to gale force, has veered to the northeast.

It brought heavy rains to the northeastern part of Fukien Province and water levels, especially along the coast and the lower reaches of the Min River, were rising, the agency added.—Reuter.

REWARD OFFER DECISION

The reward of \$30,000 offered by the Hongkong Police for information leading to the finding of a Mr. Wong Ying-kan and to the arrest of the person or persons responsible for his disappearance expires today and is not being extended.

Investigations into the case are continuing. A Police spokesman said this morning.

Mr. Wong was reported missing on June 19 this year, but despite a big search by Hongkong Police and Macao authorities and the offer of a \$50,000 reward by the family there has been no trace of him since.

Volcano Erupts

Tokyo, Sept. 4.

The Weather Board said today Mount Minami-Dake in Sakurajima, southern Japan, had been erupting since morning.

It had blown smoke between 7,000 and 11,000 feet into the sky. It was the volcano's biggest eruption this year.—Reuter.

Chinese Threat To Ladakh

Srinagar, Sept. 4.

The head Lama of Ladakh, Kishank Bakula, said here tonight the Communist Chinese had told Ladakhis who managed to escape from Tibet that they intended to march into Ladakh in November.

In a signed statement, the Lama, who is also Minister of State for Ladakh Affairs in the Kashmir Government, pleaded for "adequate defence arrangements."

He said the Chinese had made no secret of their intentions to take possession of Ladakh "in the near future."—Reuter.

Visit To Troubled Border

New Delhi, Sept. 4.

Senior Indian Army and Air Force officers have flown to the Indo-Tibetan border in Ladakh, Kashmir, for discussions with local commanders.

Although the defence of this border is the responsibility of a special police force called the Indo-Tibetan Border Defence Force, it was learned it might be taken over by the Army if the situation there worsened.—Reuter.

Stole Apples From Vicar

London.

Three 14-year-old girls caught by a clergyman in his garden were each fined 2s 6d in the Juvenile Court here for stealing apples.

The girls pleaded guilty to being in an enclosed garden for an unlawful purpose and to taking 12 apples.

A detective told the court: "The girls climbed over a six-foot gate and into the orchard to prove to boys outside that they were the only ones bold enough to go into the vicarage."

Mr K's Peking Visit May Be World Communist Unity Meeting

Washington, Sept. 4.

The Soviet Premier, Mr. Nikita Khrushchev's decision to visit Peking after his summit talks with President Eisenhower was seen here today as insuring that the Peking celebrations on October 1 would become a world Communist unity meeting.

Leaders of the other Communist nations now are sure to join Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mao in a Red summit meeting. Communist China celebrates its 10th anniversary on October 1.

Some experts saw Mr. Khrushchev's announcement that he would stop in Peking as a well-timed propaganda gesture to the growing speculation of coolness between Moscow and Peking. Officials said Mr. Khrushchev apparently wanted to make it clear on the eve of his U.S. visit that the Sino-Soviet alliance presented a solid front which could not be weakened by the Washington talks.

American officials have been speculating privately for several weeks that he might fly non-stop in his big TU-114 jet airliner directly from the United States to China.

NOT SURPRISED

American officials said they were neither surprised nor disturbed by Mr. Khrushchev's demonstration of unity with his Chinese allies. The State Department has consistently discounted speculation of a significant rift between Moscow and Peking either now or in the foreseeable future.

One of Mr. Eisenhower's main objectives in his talks with Mr. Khrushchev will be to convince the Soviet leader that he should restrain Mao from aggressive threats and support of aggression by other Communist forces in Asia.

There is only very limited hope here that Mr. Khrushchev will accept this advice. Nevertheless, Mr. Khrushchev would be the most effective courier for any message or warning Mr. Eisenhower would like to relay to Peking.—UPI.

ISOLATED HOUSE STILL STANDING

By OUR OWN REPORTER

The lonely cracking house on Des Voeux Road Central is still there this morning standing with more shoring on the front and western side where at least six cracks over 10 feet long and two inches wide have appeared since yesterday.

The building is No 27 Des Voeux Road.

The cracks indicate that the four verandahs, one on top of the other, are sagging dangerously. The front porch on the ground floor, the most dangerous spot, is now jacked up with steel scaffolding from ground to ceiling. The shop on the ground floor is closed.

The four-storey building became an isolated building when houses on either side of it were demolished to make way for two skyscrapers.

A 'Club' For The Chaps

London, Sept. 4.

The NAAFI canteen has officially been given a new name throughout the British Army — "The Junior Ranks Club."

A war office announcement yesterday said: "In future, the canteen and social centre to be known as the Junior Ranks Club, and all ranks are to be encouraged to use the term 'club' rather than 'canteen'."—China Mail Special.

'ESCAPED MEN FOUND STILL IN CAMP

A lance corporal and two soldiers who escaped from military custody in a New Territories Army camp last night were re-arrested at 7.45 a.m. today, an Army spokesman told the China Mail.

The men were found by the duty sergeant still inside the camp perimeter.

The spokesman said it was not known where they spent the night.

The men, whose reported disappearance at 10.45 last night set off a big search by civil and military police, were awaiting court martial.

The camp the men were in was Queen's Hill Camp, Sheung Shui.

Japanese Went Back To School With R.N.

London, Sept. 4.

A Japanese Naval Officer who took part in the action in which the two British battleships, Prince of Wales and Repulse were sunk in 1941 today graduated from the Royal Naval Tactical School at Woolwich.

He served on destroyers during the action off the Malay coast in which the two British battleships were sunk following a series of aerial torpedo attacks. He also took part in other sea battles with British and allied ships.

He was 37-year-old Commander K. Saito, of Tokyo, a member of the Japanese Maritime Self-Defence Force. He was among naval officers from 10 countries who graduated from the course.

His comment on the course: "It has been a very interesting and helpful course. The Japanese Navy was based on the British Navy but there is still much we can learn."—Reuter.

SAVE MONEY ON BABY FOODS

A Kenwood Chef can pay for itself in a few months and will last a lifetime.

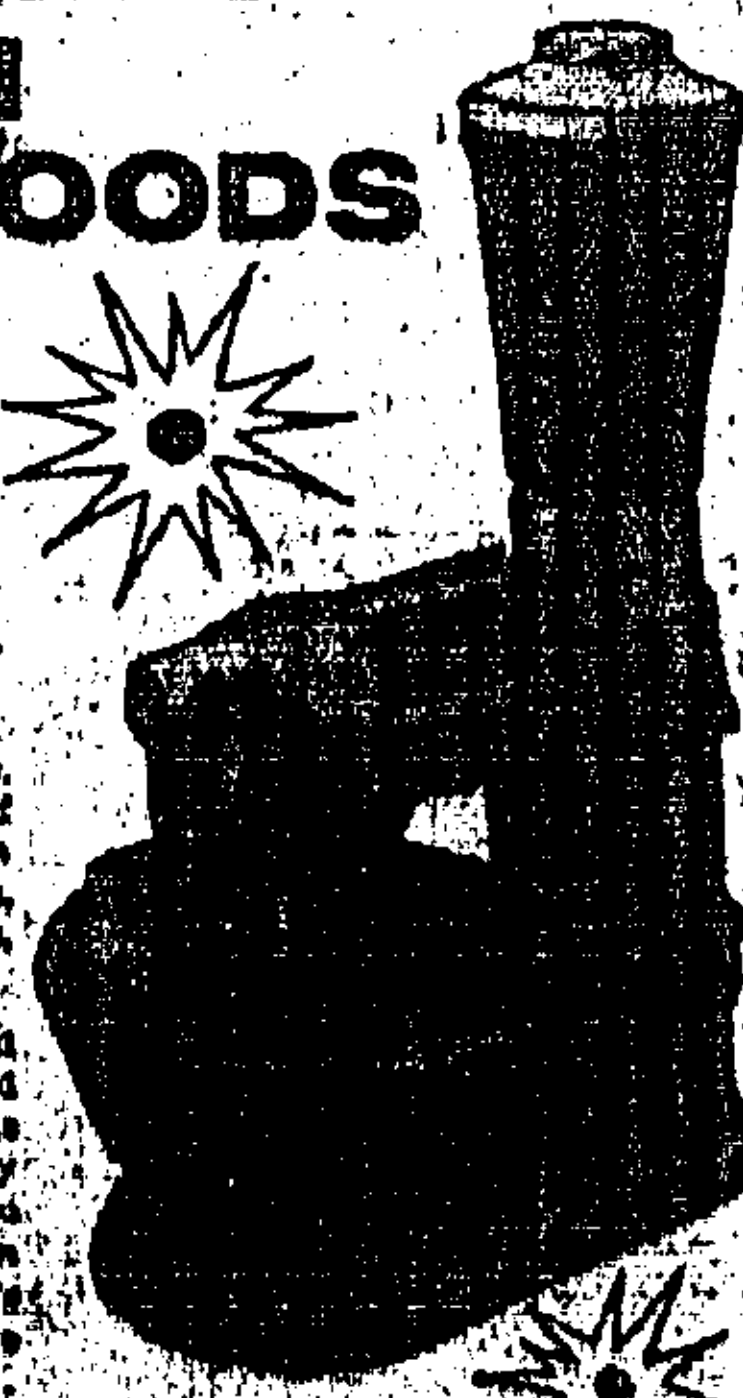
Baby foods are expensive. But with a Kenwood Chef you can make your own strained vegetables, meat and chicken sauces, pureed fruits and juices.

The cost of a Kenwood Chef (with liquidiser and mixer attachments) equals only a few months' supply of strained baby foods—so you can't see a Chef as a pay-as-you-go item. What's more, the foods you make for baby are fresher.

AND you can use the Chef to prepare exciting meals for the rest of the family as well.

AND THEY'RE FRESHLY MADE, TOO, WITH THE

Kenwood CHEF



Tokyo!

Like a diamond setting for a precious stone, like the mantle of snow on Mount Fuji—the speed and luxury of your Air-India flight sets off your trip to Tokyo!

Silver Super Constellation, equipped with all-weather radar, speeds you to lovely Japan soft-eyed, soft-voiced hostesses await your command as you relax in the luxurious arms of our First Class Stumblettes.

Remember we fly every **MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY** (Departure 10.15 a.m.)—offer you easy connections to the U.S.A.

AIR-INDIA

BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM

"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by:
CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
4, Chancery Road, N.Y.

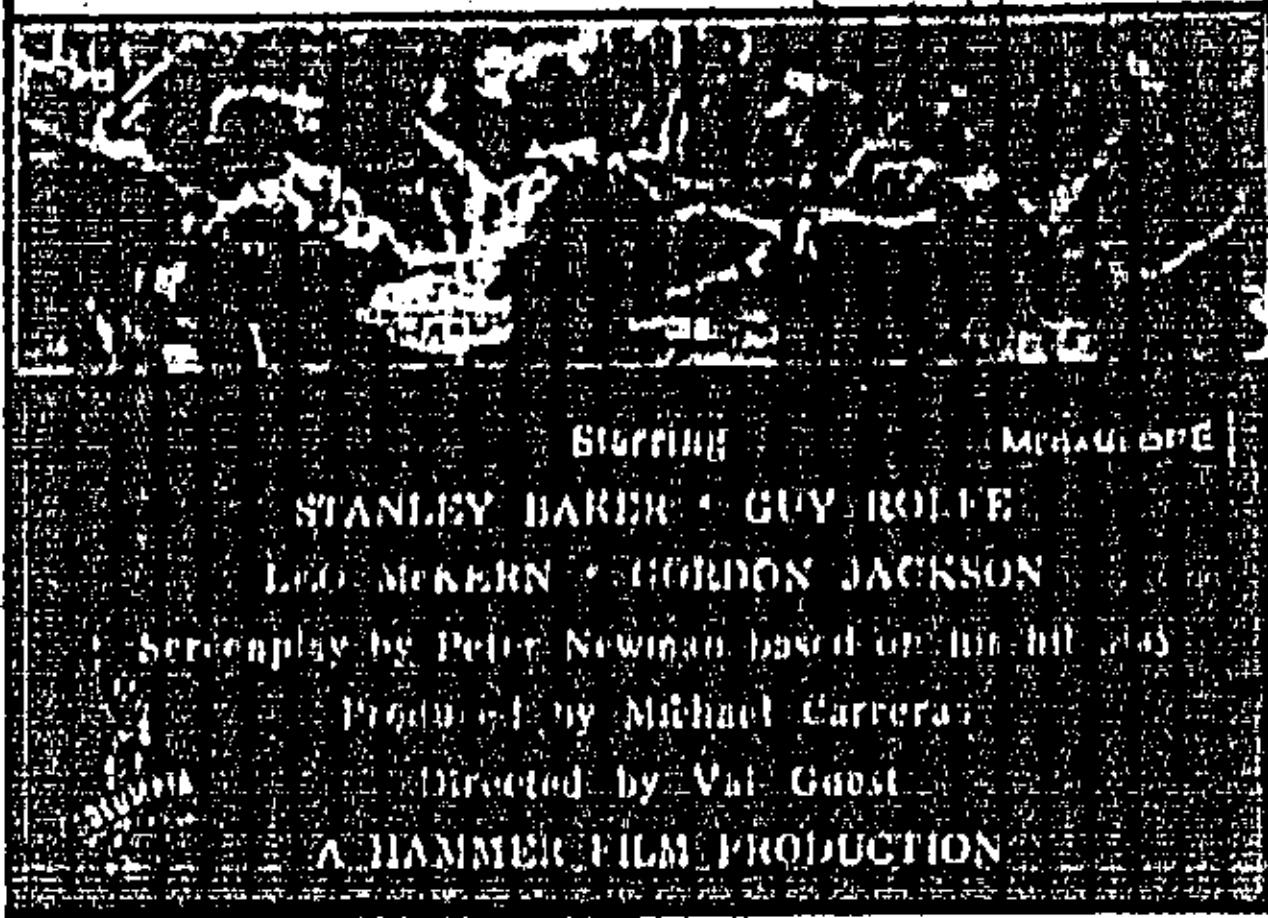
KING'S PRINCESS SHOWING TO-DAY

"Yesterday Enemy" is a great war film. It is remarkable for its stark, honest setting out of the moral dilemmas which must arise in war. And it is remarkable for its vivid portrayal of the courage and endurance of men struggling at close quarters against the enemy in the dense jungle of Burma.

Major-General W. E. V. Abraham, C.B.E.

Columbia Pictures presents

Yesterday's Enemy



STANLEY BAKER • GUY ROLFE

LEE MCKERN • GORDON JACKSON

Screenplay by Peter Newman based on his hit play

Produced by Michael Carrara

Directed by Val Guest

A HAMMILL FILM PRODUCTION

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced Prices

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Columbia Pictures Present.
Frank Sinatra • Kim Novak • Rita Hayward in
"PAL JOEY" in Technicolor

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox Presents
"A VARIETY PROGRAMME
OF BUGS BUNNY &
PORKY TECHNICOLOR
"CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
Pat Boone • Janet Gaynor
in "BERNARDINE" in
CinemaScope & Color

"FREE "COCA COLA" to every patron in the Sunday
morning and matinee shows

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced Prices

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. "U-I COLOR CARTOONS"

To-morrow At 12.15 p.m.
"DOCTOR AT SEA"

METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

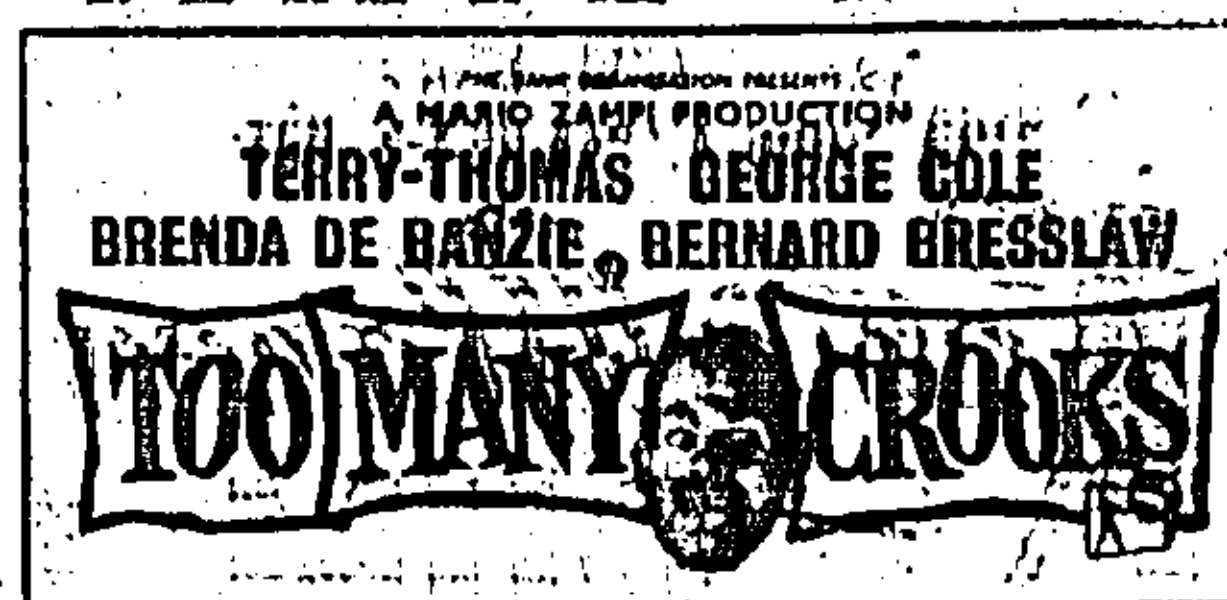
Breathtaking Suspense To Chill The Blood!



—MICHAEL GOUGH

Sunday Special Shows At Reduced Prices
11.00 a.m. TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME
12.30 p.m. Robert Taylor in "D-DAY, THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

Coming Your Way!

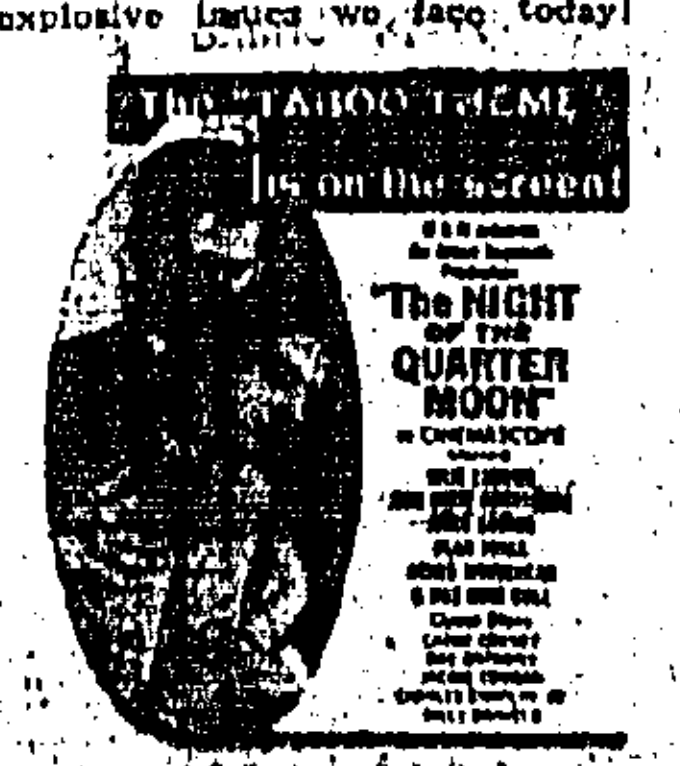


They are murderously FUNNY!

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Demetrius that dares to deal with the
enigmatic... today!

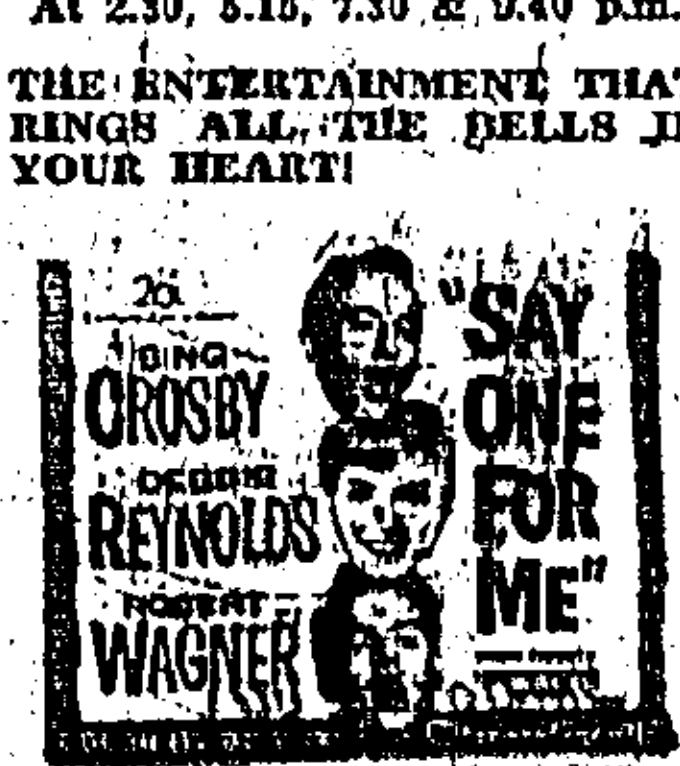


Next change: "MATINEE"

Memorial show Tomorrow 11.30
"THE DOOLIN OF OKLAHOMA"

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

THE ENTERTAINMENT THAT
RINGS ALL THE BELLS IN
YOUR HEART!



To-morrow Morning Show
"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

"blue jeans" (Roxy and Broadway) is a good film, make no mistake about that. It accomplishes just what it sets out to do, to find an answer to this generation's problems. It shows, without ramming it down your throat, that the weakness of this age is the falling apart of family life.

Not that the film family is not a good one, it is, but every one lives their life apart; there is no getting together, no exchange of confidences, so that when young Brandon de Wilde meets real trouble, his mother pushes a book into his hand. The plot itself is as old as the hills. Boy and girl meet, they fall in love, he gets her into trouble... and what to do next?

de Wilde and Carol Lynley present a sensitive sincere performance of the young people, too much in love, and afraid to tell their parents.

Macdonald Carey and Marsha Hunt as the parents, too insensitive and deliberately unaware that teenagers can have problems, hand in a performance that is identical with the average good parents of today.

This is my opinion. As a film, it is excellent for the three following reasons. First the cast. Every role is distributed with infinite care that not a farthing note is struck throughout the film.

This could easily occur at such a point when the crying lovers seek out a frisky doctor to perform an abortion. The film deliberately steers clear of horror. No blood, no ugly instruments, no dirty towels and in avoiding these visual aids to horror, the film is much stronger.

The second point is, the film sticks to its problem. No unnecessary asides with box office in mind are allowed to creep in. It is what you would call economy of statement, and the film rises to artistic heights by observing the first rule of narration.

Thirdly, the film's sincerity. It is obvious that the director, Philip Dunne, believes in the story he has tackled, and his talent is directed to transforming a good script into visual art. It is obvious also that he has convinced his cast and inspired them with his own belief in the job they have to tackle.

Naturally, I see the problem in a rather different light. I can recall with the greatest of ease that every generation has had a teenage problem.

Human nature does not change... but the problem seems new to every generation because of the external world. Young people more, unfortunately, about the scary side of life. I do not see what you can do about it. Looking them up at home solves nothing, that is running away from the problem.

Teaching sex at school is merely an excursion in anatomy. You don't become a moral person because you know more about the facts of life. This film shows also what every school teacher has known for years... it is always the other kids who are bad... "my kids... never."

And this film shows also that it is the home and the parents who are responsible. A child in a good home with a healthy environment has the strongest shield in the world against the dangers of adolescent irresponsibility.

It only remains to be said that every parent in the Colony must see this film, and if they have teenage youngsters, to take them along.

This column is no place to moralise, but I state dogmatically, that in this Colony, too many parents are spending too much time, having a good time.

A little time spent with their youngsters, gaining their confidence, will pay dividends.

It is not sufficient for a youngster to steer clear of trouble, they know too much about that... here at any rate... the thing is to get out of life its richest rewards... and they lie with the family group.

★ ★ ★
"YESTERDAY'S ENEMY" (King's and Princess) is one film out of a million. Why do I say so? Because it dares to tell the truth about war. No, I do not mean "the rockets' red glare" sort of stuff.

We've had that a million times over, and that it is the battlefield couldn't do better. And we've seen the tough sergeant, and weepy rookie. But this film, "Yesterday's Enemy" gets under the skin. It shows the four rotating corrosive cynicism that enters a man's soul when he goes to war. It dehumanises him, and the more he has of it, the better soldier



Young Brandon de Wilde breaks down and confesses to his father (Macdonald Carey), while the mother, unbelieving, stares aghast (Marsha Hunt) from "blue jeans."

he is; in fact, no great leader of armies can get along without it.

The setting for this drama is Burma, just after Pearl Harbour, Hongkong and Singapore have fallen.

Somewhere in the steaming jungle swamps are the remnants of a British brigade headquarters, cut off and hopelessly lost.

No doubt this film received the thumbs down because it showed that British soldiers can be as cautious as any others. Of course they can; the only way to be a good soldier on the battlefield is to put away every chivalrous sentiment you ever heard of.

"Let me like a soldier" said a sickening as Victorianism. Shakespeare had it when he said, "Then initiate the action of the tiger."

For the battlefield is the jungle where you kill or get killed. The heroes believe in duty, orders from higher up. I purposely rule out the sadists who were given licence to indulge their own perverted instincts for the purposes of this argument.

No country that goes to war can keep its hands clean; that is the lesson of this film.

You dare not show pity, for pity is weakness; the man with mercy in his soul is soon the dead body on the battlefield.

I could write myself off this page for this film says everything. More powerful than "Bridge on the River Kwai", it

attempts nothing but the naked exposure of the minds of men at war.

Stanley Baker is magnificent as the officer in charge of an isolated group of soldiers fighting in the Burma jungle.

Backing him up, in the acting sense, is Guy Rolfe as the pacifist, kindly, high principled, a man who had to face war's most terrifying challenge, one, I must admit, I cannot understand to this day.

Leo McKern is a tough war correspondent, a kind of one man Greek chorus to the film, a bitter commentator and shredder of ideals.

High in the cast is Gordon Jackson as a sergeant who does not reason why there is his job, and he does it.

Among the Oriental actors is Philip Ahn as Major Yamazaki; he plays one very good scene opposite Stanley Baker during the British retreat from Burma in 1942.

The great thing about "Yesterday's Enemy" is its honest attempt to put war in its true perspective. It shows the British in a tough position fighting with the gloves off.

This is no drama of the stuff upper lip and no romantic conclusions.

It kicks the heroes to hell out of the film, and allots death and fear, and hunger and misery, their rightful places. Above all, it shows the utter futility of war for victor, vanquished, and victim alike.

A truly wonderful film, with a message as urgent as a cablegram.

★ ★ ★

"THE ANGRY HILLS," (Hoover and Gala)

is another war time story, but apart from an episode which shows how the inno-

cent become victims of war, it is a thriller.

It also points a moral, that it is sometimes too dangerous to know too much; at least, war correspondent Robert Mitchum finds it so.

Filmed in Greece, it gives us a very good idea of the background against which many of our former allies and later enemies moved.

It shows too, how the British patrols moved into Greece to save what was left of her glory.

Robert Mitchum, only anxious to get on with his job, finds himself (Hitchcock fashion) given a secret.

The possession of a secret with the Gestapo moving in is as good as a one way ticket to the cemetery. So Mitchum swallows it, literally preferring to carry the list of names in his head.

Which sets quite a price on his head!

Cloak and dagger stuff takes us quite a long way in "The Angry Hills" when suddenly we are brought up with a shock. Hostages are taken, and the scene is so terrifyingly real that we say it just can't happen. Then we remember it did happen.

There's charm in them that hills, Glia Scala and Elisabeth Mueller, both go along with the plot all the way, and it is as easy as the landscape. Stanley Baker is in this film too... this time as the Gestapo chief... and a really oily number is the collaborator, Theodore Bikel.

A thriller, a really good thriller.

★ ★ ★

"THE ANGRY HILLS," (Hoover and Gala)

is another war time story, but apart from an episode which shows how the inno-

You know, of course, that Nevil Shute's book, "On the Beach," has been filmed. This frightening, could be prophetic, tale of the last people left alive, and how they met their end, makes both a fine film, and a lesson in common sense for all the world.

The really splendid thing about the whole affair is, it will be premiered simultaneously on December 17 in most of the capital cities of the world, including Moscow, Tokyo, New York, London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Amsterdam, and Johannesburg, and Zurich.

Personally, I would like to see Caine and Tel Aviv on the list for Shute is an alarming prophet: (recall "No Highway") and he foresees the end of the world originating with the atom bomb in the hands of an irresponsible small power dictator.

Why is it that we rarely see some of the excellent short films that are being issued?

The film people in both the States and England should reckon that while Hongkong is some distance away, it is not so far that people are unable to take an intelligent interest in World Affairs.

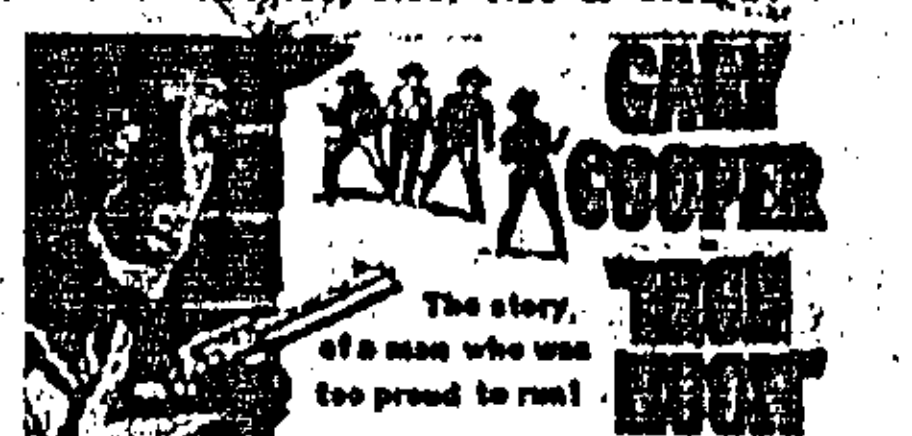
Why, for instance, has the Rank Organisation, not permitted us to see "Operation Noah's Ark," one of the greatest short films ever made which shows the harnessing of the Zambesi and the rescuing of the wild animals?

And why have Columbia withheld "Operation Universe," the Eastman Colour scientific documentary showing the harnessing of Atomic Power in England?

Lee Astor

TEL. 22446 (H.K. 077)

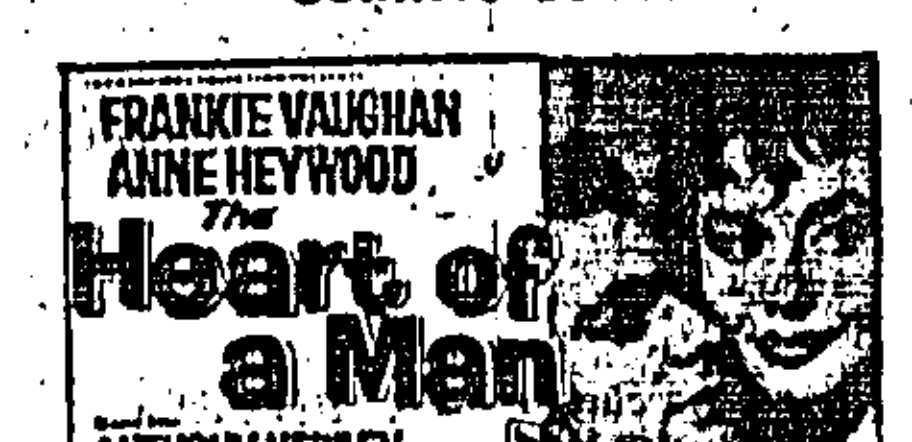
LAST 3 DAYS
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



NEXT CHANGE



COMING SOON



LEE TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.00 a.m. - M-G-M COLOUR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. "LOST IN A HAREM"

THIS IS THE BEST OF THE BEST

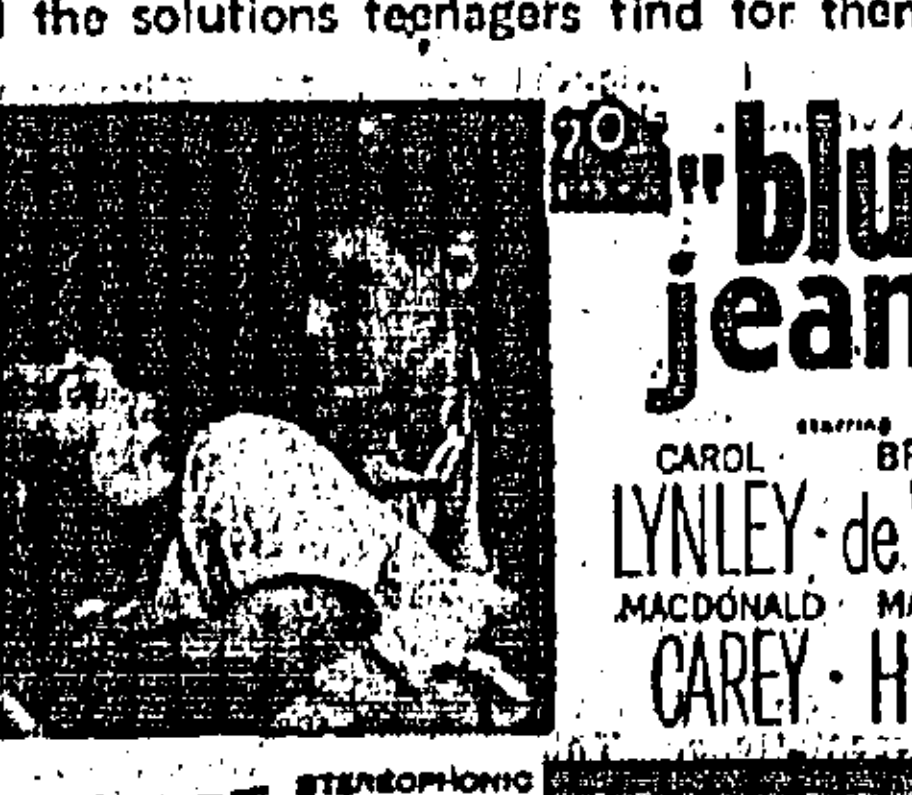
R O X Y & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A story of lost innocence

and the solutions teenagers find for themselves!



CINEMASCOPE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"BLUE JEANS" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

Dean MARTIN Jerry LEWIS

In "CADDY"

A Paramount Picture

LATEST FOX

TECHNICOLOR

CARTOONS

PROGRAMME

HOOVER GALA

TEL. 72571 TEL. 52570

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

AMAZING ADVENTURE IN A VIOLENT LAND!

ROBERT MITCHUM

THE ANGRY HILLS

STANLEY BAKER

ELIZABETH MUELLER • GLIA SCALA

Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m.

Technicolor Cartoon Feature

"ANIMAL FARM"

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.

Frank Sinatra & Kim Novak

in "PAL JOEY"

M-G-M presents

COLOR CARTOONS

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m.

John Barrymore & Maurice O'Sullivan

in "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.

FLOORSHOWS by ROMAYNE & WADHAM

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

'Petticoat Lane' People Won't Surrender Easily

FAMOUS MARKET FACES A CRISIS

By IAN ARNOLD

London.

Petticoat Lane, the 250-year-old open air market, is as much a "must" for tourists as Buckingham Palace, St Paul's, and other famous London landmarks.

Every Sunday morning they flock there in thousands, joining Londoners to buy at bargain rates or be entertained by the raucous barrowmen with their sick sales pitch.

Carried along in the tightly packed, slow-moving mass of humanity, they are pilled with all kinds of merchandise from jumpers to jellied eels.

But now Petticoat Lane looks like losing its frothy trails.

'NEW LOOK'

A private company wants to dress it up in a contemporary style by replacing the street stalls with a 300-shop arcade.

Cost of the "new look" will be about £200,000, and all that's needed now before work begins is final sanction of the building plans by London County Council.

But the 1,000 men and women traders, the characters who have helped to give this bargain basement of the East End its colour, aren't giving in without a fight.

Primping the lane and putting them into shops would mean they would have to pay more than double their present rent of 50/- a week—a prospect that displaces them greatly.

But more important is their fear that the lane will lose its identity.

Recently, I went down to Petticoat Lane—or Middlesex Street, as it is officially listed—to see what makes it tick.

Business was booming as usual and traders in between sales were solemnly assuring customers they were not going to be forced off the street.

Mr. Mike Stern, 60-year-old president of the Stepney Street Traders' Association, paused between selling towels and elder-downs to declare, "Petticoat Lane is far from dead. It'll take more than a few arcade shops to kill us off."

WON'T LEAVE

Nearby sat "Carl, the Corn Cure King," repainting his faded sign, "Fred shown here to any policeman."

"What, leave 'ere? Not—likely, I don't want no shop. I like to be out where the people can see me," he said.

"Besides, I like me fresh air." Harry Jackson, a cosmetics dealer for 20 years, had this to say, "It won't do no good and a lot'll be out of work."

"But what's the good barkin' if you got no bliv?" "What about the local Chamber of Commerce's complaint that apiv was spoiling the market?" I asked.

Said Harry, "Spiv 'ave come in. And they give the market a bad name, cheatin' the public with their mock auctions and shoddy goods."

"It's unfair to real traders. These run-outs give the place a bad name." Solomon Fishman ("It's a Biblical name") paused between selling nylons to add his comment.

"I'll be a washout, a waste of time, a damp squib," he said. "It won't do the ordinary trader any good. This market is traditional. You can't monkey about with it."

Nine-Week-Old Baby Travels 5,500 Air Miles

Grimsby, Sept. 4.

Because she could not study for an examination and care for her nine-week-old baby Geetanjali as well, Mrs. Sudha Atti, an Indian doctor working at Scartho Hospital, Grimsby, has had to send the baby 5,500 miles by air to India.

She will not see her again for at least two years.

"At nine weeks she was the youngest passenger ever to travel alone," Mrs. Atti said. "I took her to London Airport, and an air hostess specially engaged took charge of her for the journey to Bombay."

"It should have taken 18 hours but it was actually 34 because of stormy weather."

Among Geetanjali's possessions is a British passport. She was born in Edinburgh and so has dual nationality.

"I intended to keep her but I just could not manage because I could not find servants in England," said Mrs. Atti. The baby will be looked after by Mrs. Atti's parents at their Bombay home.

Dr. and Mrs. Atti came to England a year ago and were at hospitals in Warrington and Edinburgh before moving to Scartho. They are both studying for the fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons. — China Mail Special.

Biggest Clock

New York. The world's biggest indoor clock—measuring 15 feet in diameter—will be installed in New York's Grand Central Station. —UPI.

POLIO MAN TO STRIKE AT CANCER

New York.

Dr. Jonas Salk, the virus genius who developed the polio vaccine, has mobilised a team of 34 researchers to go after cancer.

It was revealed recently that Dr. Salk has started from scratch in an attempt to solve the cancer mystery.

His present research is aimed at understanding the life of cells and viruses.

This is similar to the basic research by many scientists which had to precede the development of the polio vaccine.

Recently, Dr. Salk wrote a medical article about cell growth, which caused a flurry of excitement when it was interpreted as foreshadowing a vaccine against cancer.

Dr. Salk hurriedly warned that his work "has no practical significance now."

The bespectacled, 45-year-old researcher, who rose from obscurity to fame when his successful polio vaccine was announced to the world four years ago, is now screened against the small army of people who want him to solve their medical problems, lecture, write books or accept honorary degrees.

FOR SCIENCE

He lives almost like a recluse in his suburban Pittsburgh house with his wife and three children and spends more than 60 hours a week at his five-story laboratory on the grounds of the University of Pittsburgh.

Not even his bank account has changed appreciably since he became one of the century's most celebrated scientists.

Dr. Salk's cancer research dovetails into his current search for a reliable method of growing polio viruses with which to make Salk vaccine.

Polio viruses were now grown on monkey kidney tissues, which could be infected to yield good harvests of virus, said a staff member. But this re-

quired a continuing costly supply of monkeys to donate the kidneys.

Since animal or human cells could be kept alive and growing artificially in test tubes, the best method would be to establish such a line of cells and use them as the source for growing polio viruses.

But something happens to these continuously growing test tube cells to change their character.

Their relation to cancer is that cancerous cells in the human or animal body also grow continuously, losing their normal controls over growth.

Salk and his team are trying to answer these basic questions of differences between normal cells artificially in test tubes and cancer growth.

Workers at the University of Pittsburgh laboratory, now called the Jonas Salk Hall, claim they have the clearest field-marshal in the country in their attack on cancer.

SAFETY TEST

"Dr. Salk has an amazing ability," said one scientist. "Give him a result sheet and he will immediately pick out what is wrong."

"Let him look at hundreds of test tubes, and if there is one that is not right, he will spot it."

He is also working on the possibility of producing vaccines to protect humans against viruses that attack nerves.

Dr. Salk spent five years developing a vaccine that was safe and effective against crippling poliomyelitis and then followed two years of dramatic testing on humans, including his own children, before he would announce it to the world.

"It may take longer to conquer cancer," he says.

New Giant Telescope Would Probe Edge Of The Universe

Washington, Sept. 4. Scientists hope a mammoth radio telescope now being built will reveal the edge of the universe — if it has an edge.

If it hasn't, they hope for a glimpse of what lies beyond the incomprehensibly distant regions where the edge would be if it existed.

In any event, whether the universe is finite or infinite and whatever its geometry, astronomers fully expect their new radio eye to disclose a multitude of marvels.

These are almost certain to include additional colliding galaxies — vast systems of hundreds of billions of stars passing through each other in the as yet unplumbed reaches of space.

They may also include cosmic urens in which clouds of matter and anti-matter are engaged in a war of mutual annihilation releasing floods of energy dwarf-

ling the violence of nuclear fission or fusion reactions.

The new radio telescope, largest of its kind ever designed, is being built by the navy near Sugar Grove in a little valley of the West Virginia hills. It is expected to be in operation in 1962.

Its dish antenna will be 600 feet in diameter, far larger than the largest now in existence, the 250-foot radio telescope at Jodrell Bank in England, and surpassing a 350-foot instrument the Russians are said to be planning.

DIFFICULT TASK

Construction of the telescope is one of the most difficult engineering tasks ever undertaken. A spokesman for the Naval Research Laboratory said "It's like taking Yankee stadium and putting it on hinges."

In theory, the telescope will be able to peer many times farther into space than the 200-inch optical telescope at Mt. Palomar in California. The Palomar telescope gathers

light waves from the distant galaxies. Radio telescopes gather radio waves.

Great dust clouds block off vast segments of the universe to Palomar but are transparent to a radio eye.

It has been said that the Sugar Grove telescope will enable astronomers to determine which of a number of ideas about the size, history and future of the universe are correct.

It is just as likely, scientists say, to discover uncharted new facts which will scrap all existing theories and force the building of brand new "models of creation."

The Palomar optical telescope can probe into space as far as two billion light years. A light year is the distance light, moving at 186,300 miles a second, travels in 365 days. This works out at about 6,000 billion miles.

Our sun is only eight light minutes, about 93 million miles, away. —UPI.

Crocodile Test Works Both Ways

Canberra. Mr. Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, was asked here if he would submit himself to a "crocodile test" to prove his good intentions.

The question was asked by Mr. E. J. Ward, an opposition member in the House of Representatives who told the Prime Minister that a candidate in the recent Malayan elections had bathed in a stream in the belief that good people went unharmed while bad people were eaten by crocodiles.

RUN AWAY

"Is the Prime Minister agreeable to my proposal that the film report, complete with sound track, represents the ultimate in making—reports—more informative, interesting and visually attractive.—UPI.

Now See This

New York. Growing interest in "the visual" is reflected in increased use of film for annual reports. Many executives believe the film report, complete with sound track, represents the ultimate in making—reports—more informative, interesting and visually attractive.—UPI.



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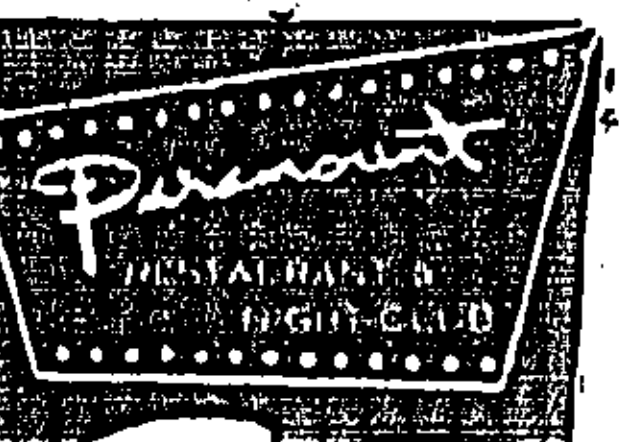
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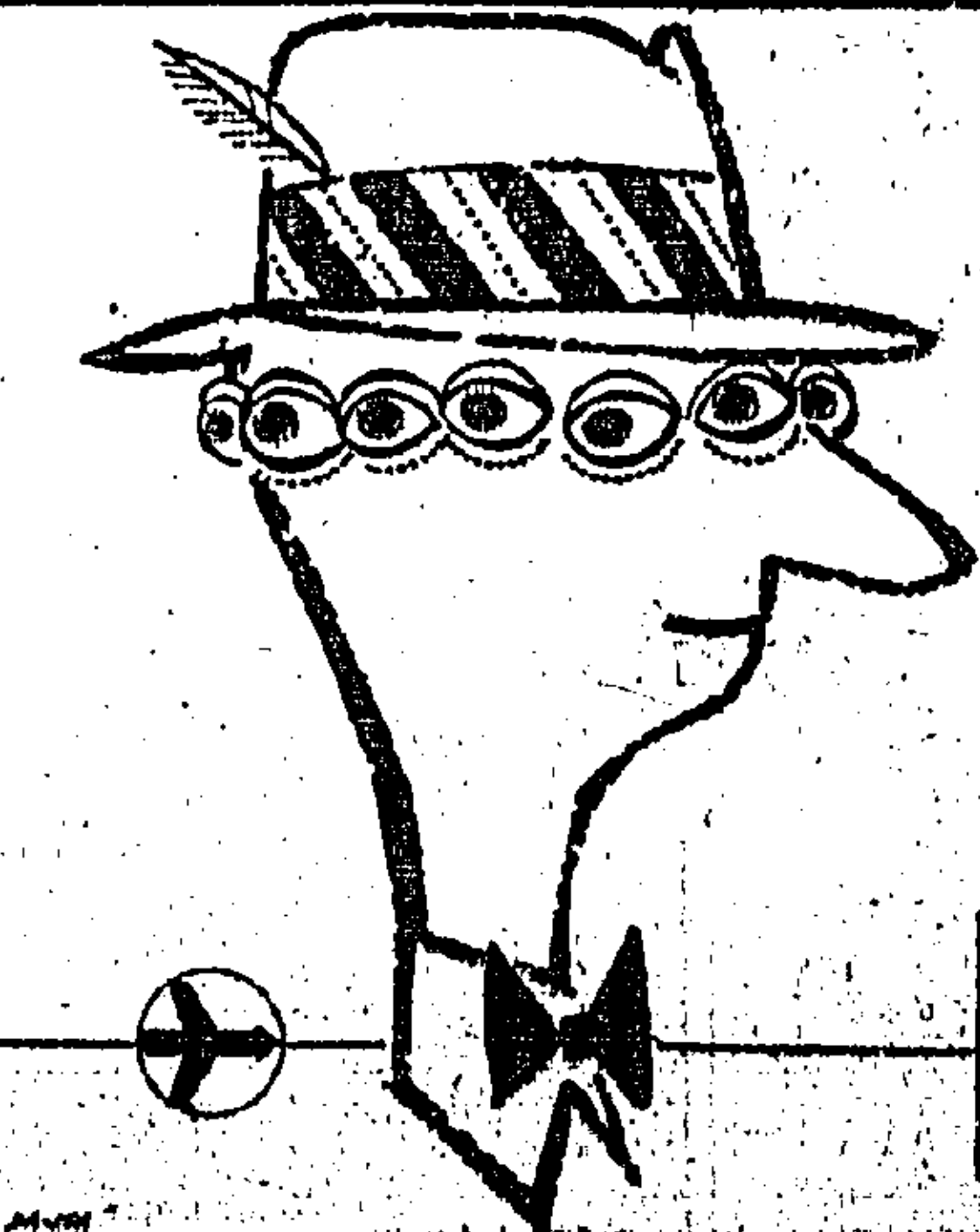
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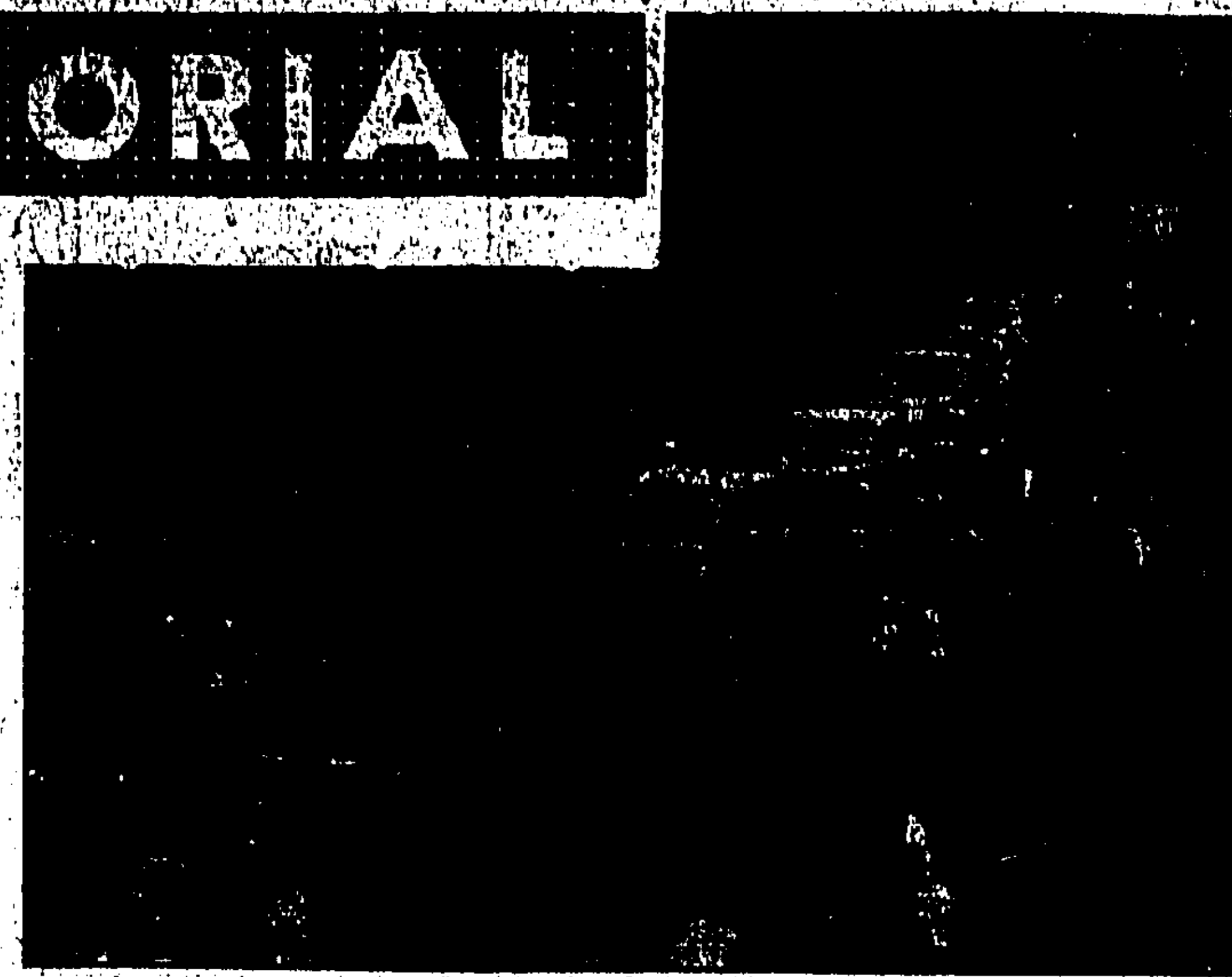
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: A 58-strong party of Russian tourists pictured here, leaving Glasgow Cathedral on a four-day tour of the Scottish Lowlands include an expert on Scotland's national poet Robert Burns. She is Professor Elistratova, who presented a book on the poet to the Burns Museum during the trip. The party spent three days in Glasgow, will spend another in Edinburgh, and in between are spending one in the countryside where Burns lived.



ABOVE: The glass wall of the new Coventry Cathedral will be 45ft. long and 70ft. high, and composed of 90 panels engraved with the figures of 31 saints and 35 angels. The work of designing and engraving is being done by John Hutton in London, who has already made 14 of the figures: the rest will have to be ready by March, 1961. Here, Hutton pauses during his work on one of the 8ft. high glass panels. All work is done with flexible-drive carborundum wheels, or a dentist's drill for fine work.



ABOVE: The welcome given by Britons to U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower when he visited Britain recently, was a warm and hearty one. Picture shows scene at Hammersmith Broadway where Ike got a reception reminiscent of New York's Broadway itself.



ABOVE: A revolutionary British spacelight device, on which research and planning has been going on for some considerable time past, was spoken of the other day, and illustrated with a model, at the first Commonwealth Spacelight Symposium at Church House, Westminster, London. Picture shows a model of the "Space Pyramid."



★
RIGHT: Japan's best-known woman MP, Opposition leader Mrs Shidzue Kato, arrived in London recently—to apologise for the wartime atrocities committed by the Japanese. She has visited several Asian countries already, and in each she has apologised. She says the apology must come first—"Then we can build friendship slowly, carefully, but strongly."



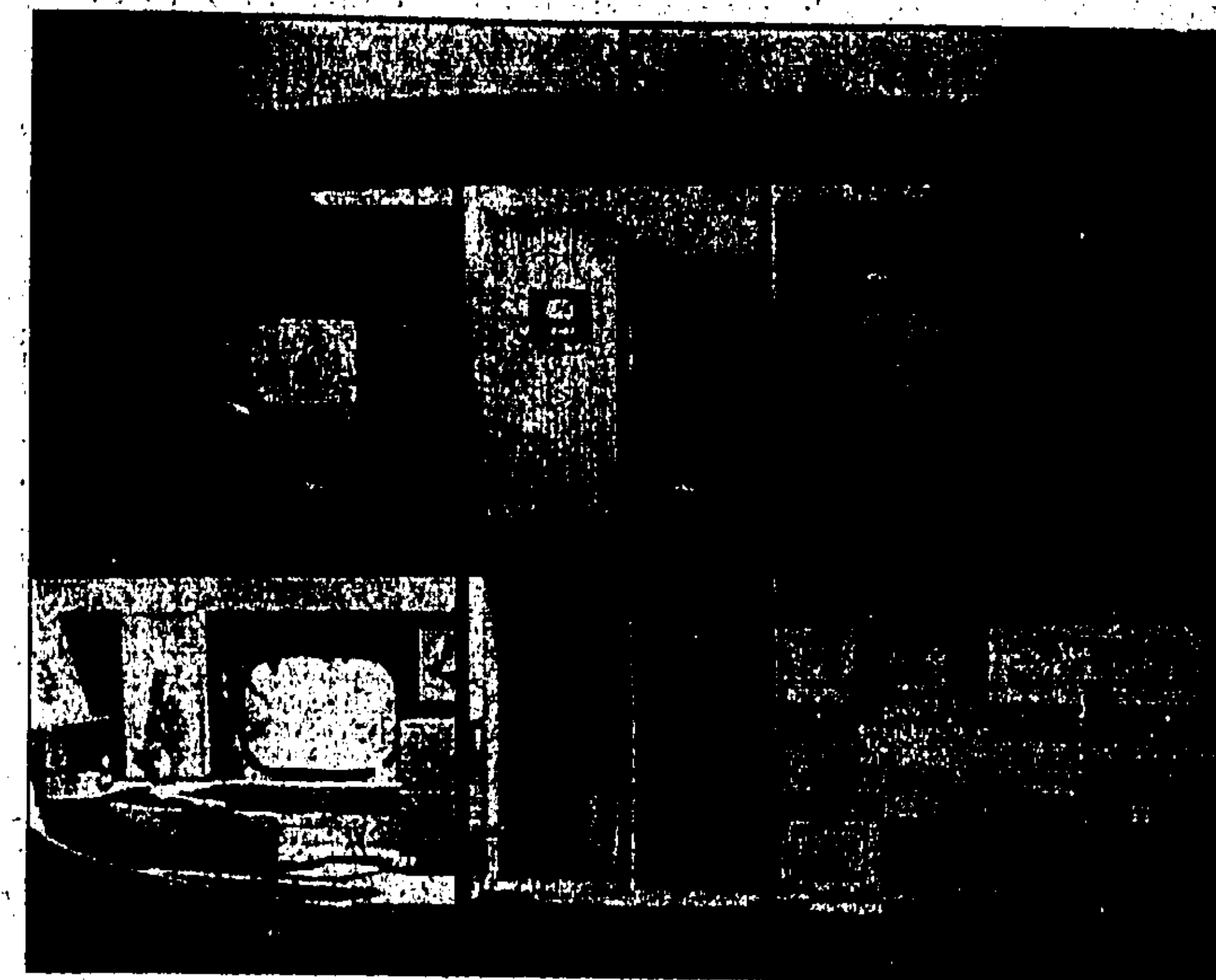
ABOVE RIGHT: Keeping herself company with a good hefty book down at Pinewood Studios in between filming, lovely Brenda Pooley, 18, is a girl who seems booked for stardom. An ex-cinema usherette from Southend, Essex, Brenda tired of watching other stars on the screen, and came to London to be a star herself. Her trip paid off—she has just landed her first film part, in Norman Wisdom's latest film comedy 'Follow A Star.'



ABOVE: Shy, 14-year-old Londoner Ann Stone set out the other day on the biggest adventure of her life. At London Docks she went aboard the Russian liner Baltika—bound for Moscow and a four-year scholarship with the Bolshoi Ballet School. Daughter of a 44-year-old caretaker, she is the first British girl to be offered a similar chance; was spotted by the Bolshoi authorities when the ballet company was touring Britain in 1956. Picture shows a group of Russian sailors watching Ann boarding the Baltika.



ABOVE: "The most exciting place in all England", this is the proud boast made by architects who have worked on the rebuilding, reconstruction, and planning, of Coventry's brand new City Centre, which was laid waste by Nazi bombing in 1940. Picture shows the drum-shaped Cafe on the left with two separate levels of shops on the right; and the spire of the Cathedral (right) and the Spire of Holy Trinity Church (left).

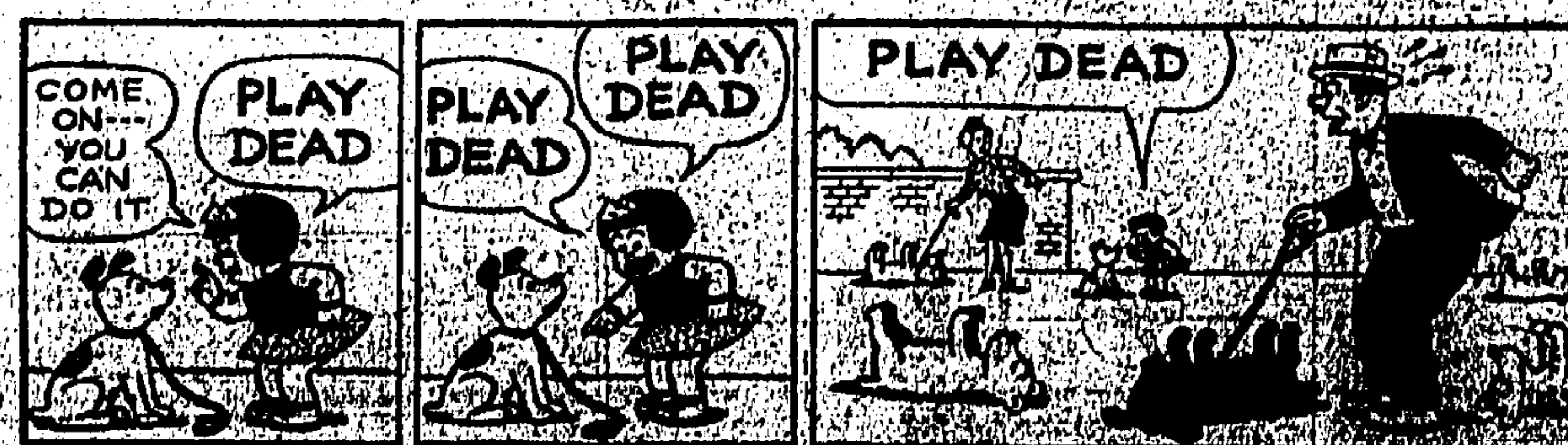


ABOVE: This is the home of the future—according to a not-too-serious artist's impression at London's current Radio Show. It's dominated, naturally, by TV—sets to pick up commercial broadcasts are built into the walls of kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, and lounge—as well as the lift. In the hall, a "Telephone" allows the owners (Mr and Mrs Telley and family) to see as well as hear their callers; more screens in the kitchen show Mrs Telley what's happening inside the oven, grill, and washing machine; and when the front-door rings a touch of a switch puts a picture of the caller on a screen in each room.



ABOVE: Glasgow factory owner G. J. Laird-Portch (his firm makes skirts at East Kilbride) decided that something had to be done about the perennial problem of losing skilled workers who left to get married—and become mothers. The solution he found was to build his own private crèche—for £12,000—complete with cots, tiny chairs and tables, toys galore, and bundles of nappies. Picture shows Mrs Violet Lairch, a worker, watching through the window while her baby daughter Jean (facing camera) settles down with three playmates in the crèche.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S



Tunnel of love beats Law

London. LONDON street women and their "minders" have gone "underground" in their efforts to make a vice living since Britain's Street Offences Act drove them from their shameless parade in the streets.

They have really gone to earth. The "underground" is the London Underground Railway where some three hundred girls have been operating recently on a carefully planned system of allocation.

By Gerald
Byrne

Many of the girls had no convictions and most are former office or catering workers. They come mainly from the North of England, some are Irish, few are from Scotland or Wales, and the rest are Londoners.

The vice bosses worked out time-tables and pitches for the girls, so that the interests of each vice king did not clash.

They reasoned that the railway police cover the ground so thinly that they could get away with a brand-new campaign—and recently they have done so, with some ten to twelve clients a day at higher-than-usual prices.

They are back in business, unless Scotland Yard and the railway police wake up quickly to this new menace on the Underground and pick them up.

Expert observers suggest that the only way to defeat these women, and the vice barons who control them, is to have officers who know the girls patrolling Underground stations.

It was all arranged by their minders, mostly Maltese, who have remained in Great Britain despite their fears of a seven-year sentence under the new Act.

These minders are the desperate remnants of hundreds who have already gone out of Britain.

They met, I learn, in a restaurant near Queen's Way in the Bayswater district of London, and held a council of war on moves to defeat what had become for them a serious situation. Their business had vanished overnight.

They found they had some three hundred girls, mostly young, very attractive and with only a year to eighteen months as "Cinderellas of the streets," to operate with.

QUOTE

—by the Rev. Hugh Herbert, rector of St. John's, Cusdoun, Surrey, in a letter to women he has married during the past three years:—

NEVER stop your husband's sports activities; never stop courting; keep giving presents and have children.

ROUND-UP

LATEST IN STATIONS

THE 50,000 people who live in the modern houses and estates of the new town at Harlow, Essex, are going to get a handsome new station plus an electric train service towards the end of 1960. The new station will have light-grey flint-brickwork on the external walls, together with large areas of glass. The modern booking hall will have tiled floors, glass mosaic dadoes and varnished timber ceilings.

LINK WITH PAST TO GO

THE small basement room that housed the last of the "twopenny schools" in Woolwich is to be demolished under a borough council plan for the re-development of the St. Mary's area. The old desk still stands beneath the window, though it has since been made into a work-bench. The original fireplace is still there and an old cupboard, now splintered in places, leans against another wall. The old man who taught the local children for 2d. a day in the basement moved out when the mother of the present tenant took over the house nearly 100 years ago.

DID IT HAPPEN? ... another story to set you guessing

A message for Colonel Michelmore

I AM still in some doubt as to whether I ought to be telling this story at all, and it will become clear, I hope, why I have chosen to change the real names of those involved in my Mediterranean incident. It was a cool, clear evening in late September last year and I had flown to Nice to settle the details with my friend, Jean Trichereau, for a Continental television link-up. Jean had snatched a break to mix business with pleasure and had wired me to meet him there instead of in Paris.

AS related by
PETER
DIMMOCK

TV outside broadcasts, 35-year-old Peter Dimmock made a new reputation as the man on the Sportsview programme.

He joined the BBC after serving as an RAF pilot throughout the war. Now he lives with his wife at Notting Hill Gate—so that he can be near the Shepherd's Bush studios.

The casino

At the casino the gambling room was busy. We sauntered round the green-baized tables, Jean all the while giving me a running commentary on the state of the games. It was after we had had a drink, and were on our second tour of the tables, that I spotted the man I took to be Hitchen. I had been watching, intrigued, the apparent permutations of roulette being written down by a woman sitting alongside a chain-smoking gambler with white hair and a pasty complexion.

Then, attracted by a movement on the opposite side of the table, I saw him. Unused to the social graces of the gambling room, I was not sure that at that moment it would be right to introduce myself.

I tried to catch his eye. I smiled in recognition. His gaze held me for a moment, then he was back to his game. "Rien

ne va plus." The wheel spun and the fateful ball danced around, but my attention was focused on the man opposite.

If it wasn't Hitchen, my eyes weren't what they used to be back in the days when we were together in the RAF. His staves appeared to be not unduly during, though at the base of his stock of chips was what looked like a 50,000-franc counter. The croupier halted in and paid out.

Girl friend

Again I tried to catch Hitchen's attention. This time he saw me all right, but there was not the slightest sign of recognition; he seemed more interested in the gambler with the girl friend. Suddenly, a woman standing behind one of the sealed players began to complain in

flowing French, presumably on the ground that she had won and had not been paid out. The croupier summoned another official in evening dress who weighed her up, then nodded his authorisation for her to be paid. The man I took to be Hitchen smiled at the contretemps, but he never looked in my direction.

Familiar face

By this time Jean was showing signs of boredom and hauled me over to another table. I could not think of anything but the face I knew. When I turned, I saw that the gambler and his girl had risen and that Hitchen was collecting up his counters. "Excuse me a moment," I said to Jean. Hitchen was halfway to the door when I caught up with him.

"Hitchen?" I said. "Remember me?" In close-up, his face was really familiar. His build, too; he was shorter than I am, perhaps five-nine but thickly built with the shoulders of a rugged player and humour lines alongside the eyes, which were bright and penetrating. He regarded me with distant tolerance and replied politely—and surprisingly—in an accent decidedly French: "I am sorry, m'sieu. You are mistaken."

I was shaken. I was never more sure of anything in my life. I knew it was Hitchen—and yet... Momentarily, I thought, anxiously crossed his face; then, I



He regarded me with distant tolerance and replied, politely: "I am sorry, you are mistaken."

casino. When I finally snapped out of it, we must have been halfway across France.

I took down my tape recorder from the rack, adjusted the earphones and hoped this battery was all right. I began to play back my summing-up conversation with Jean, making notes as I listened. As the end of the talk came over, I was just about to switch off when a further voice came in.

"I am sorry I had to be so rude, Peter. We seem destined to meet in strange circumstances in France—or over it—don't we? Next time, perhaps, we'll be able to enjoy our meeting over a drink. In the pocket of this recorder, Peter, you have a spare tape."

Play-back

"I've used part of it, but it would be unintelligible to you even if you played it back. So a good chap and deliver it personally to Colonel Michelmore at the War Office. It is rather important. Hope your Viscount isn't followed by a Blenheim on the way over."

There was no French accent. I delivered the tape.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above. Answer on P. 11.
—(London Express Service).

PRINCE PHILIP'S IDEA CURES BAD BOYS

London.

THORNEY PARK, the only approved school in Britain to enter every one of its boys into the Duke of Edinburgh's awards scheme, has achieved sensational results. (An approved school is an institution for juvenile wrongdoers.)

Instead of the average failure rate of thirty per cent, only five per cent of its boys, after winning awards, have got

By a Special Correspondent

into trouble after leaving the school.

The scheme is open to all young people between 15 and 18.

The headmaster of Thorney Park says: "This scheme, with the glamour of Prince Philip, and Sir John Hunt of Everest fame, is the biggest chance we have been given to find a solution to juvenile delinquency."

"I have been headmaster of this school for 26 years. Never before have I achieved results like these. It is absolutely wonderful."

Thorney Park is near Paisley, in Scotland. It is pioneering the experiment to discover how much Scotland's "bad boys" (and the bad boys of England, Wales and Northern Ireland, too) can be helped by the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme.

16. These three did it at 14. All have since left the school.

Typical is the story of the first approved schoolboy to win a gold star.

He was so keen that he gave up his Saturdays to work on the fire-fighting squad at Renfrew airport in order to pass his public service test.

These three boys will soon be going to Buckingham Palace to receive their gold stars from the Duke of Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

"The achievements of these three boys are absolutely wonderful," said Mr. Lees, headmaster of Thorney Park. "Just as important is what this school has achieved."

"I give the entire credit to the Duke's scheme. I am not saying it is the be-all and end-all, or that it is the answer for every bad boy. But I do believe it can be extended to every approved school in the United Kingdom."

"So far only a few are entering boys into the scheme."

★ ★ ★

In the past two years Thorney Park has gained for its one hundred and thirty boys no less than seventy-eight bronze and fifty-eight silver stars.

In addition Thorney Park has had history by three of its boys winning the gold star, the highest award given by the Duke of Edinburgh.

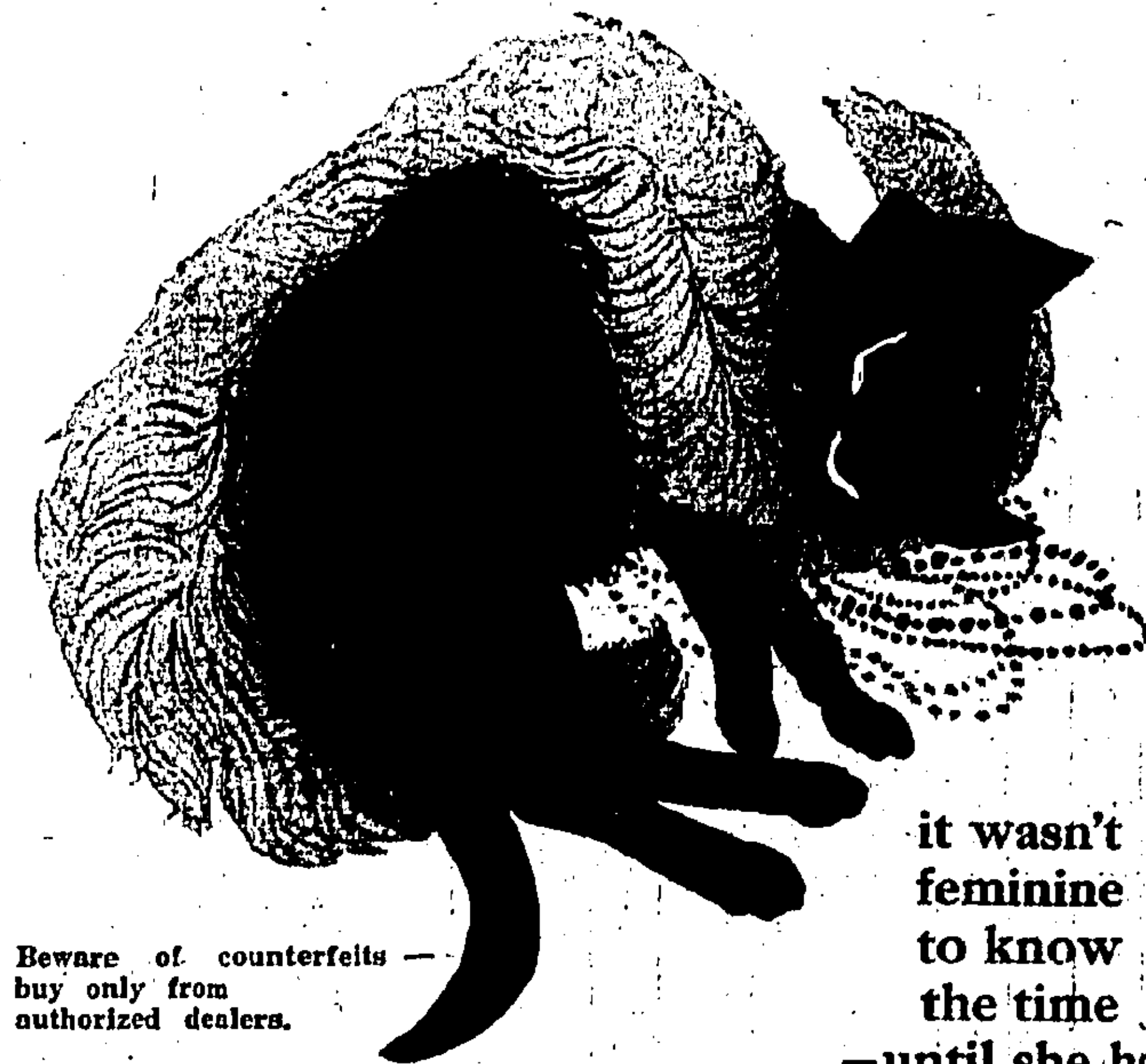
The three boys, Robert McLaughlin, Robert Lyle and Stewart Thompson, have all done it while they were under age. Officially no boy can enter until he is

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER

THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND!



"I do hope somebody has remembered to close it with Dr. Adenauer first."
—London Express Service



Beware of counterfeits—buy only from authorized dealers.

it wasn't feminine to know the time until she had a Rolex

Lost in an ecstasy of living... Hot, gorgeous live life. With great big roses And fun... And cars, waiting. And men, delectable men, waiting. What did she need with the time? It was a horrid, precise and completely unnecessary detail. It wasn't feminine... But one man. Who had the superbly manlike ability. To calculate, sometimes, that the thing a woman says she doesn't want is the one thing she does. Brought her a Rolex watch...

He was different from all the others. He came out of a cloud of admirers who all looked the same. With something new. A Rolex watch. And suddenly it was a better idea than any the others had had. It was more personal than milk—and very beautiful. It was more feminine than cars—even though it was precision perfect. It was completely hers. And she loved it.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



Cummings

"Really, Nye, it makes me want to give up politics! Now he's even signed up Eisenhower on his programme..."
—London Express Service

The days of peace run out—and the omens for the future are bad... ...as a great new aircraft carrier causes death at her launching The barrage balloons go up...

That
ASTOUNDING
August

PART TWO

It was August 1939. You could buy a new car for £98.10s.... beer was 8d. a pint... cigarettes were 11d. for 20... and a good seat at the cinema cost 9d....
But the last days of peace were ticking to a close....
Do YOU remember that summer of 20 years ago?

LIKE drunken elephants, the barrage balloons swayed and dipped over London and all the big cities. Yet it was still possible to hope for peace. At 10, Downing Street, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and his aides were convinced that even now Hitler could be made to see reason, and refused to accept the possibility that war was inevitable.

But the public was less optimistic. The newspapers had begun to publish articles such as "How to stock up your food cupboard," and the grocery stores were filled with buyers.

Kent hop-pickers were warned to take their gas-masks with them.

True, there were still columns of print in the newspapers with nothing in them about Hitler and the war.

"Dear sir," wrote one correspondent, "I am in a good job and earning fifty shillings a week. Do you think this is enough to marry and bring up children?"

Mr J. Aked of Baccup envied the nation by leaving his wife a bequest of £1 out of a £2,000 will "as a token to her for her share in his life but not speaking a word to me for the past 35 years."

But along the Polish Corridor things were hotting up. Hitler was speaking to everybody, and what he was constantly saying was "My patience is exhausted."

At the War Office in Whitehall there were queues of reserve officers coming to inquire about postings. (They were now reserved for those who failed to carry a gas-mask).

Harassed

All the reserve officers put together could not have caused the harassed Staff half as much trouble as a certain major-general named Bernard L. Montgomery.

Major-General Montgomery had come back from Palestine earlier in 1939 after having relinquished command of the 8th Division there. He had been promised command of the 3rd Division in England, and was looking forward to taking over, for he sensed that war was coming and realised that the

by LEONARD MOSLEY

and would be one of the first divisions to be sent to France.

But Montgomery had been seriously ill in Palestine, with a patch on his lung and suspected tuberculosis. "I was sent to England in the charge of two nursing sisters and two medical officers," he wrote afterwards, "as I was judged desperately ill. I was."

A miracle

On the sea voyage, however, a miracle happened. The patch disappeared. Montgomery was pronounced fit and sent on leave.

When he came back, in August, the first thing he did was to go to the War Office and ask: "When do I take over the 3rd Division?"

"You don't," was the reply.

All commands had been drawn because of the emergency. The commander of the 3rd had been told to remain at his post.

In that case, said Montgomery, you had better ship me back to my old division in Palestine. "Impossible," said the War Office. "The new commander has taken over."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" demanded Montgomery. "There is a pool of major-generals waiting for employment," he was told. "You will join it."

At which the temper of this lovely, little known brass-bat began to show. There was a war coming, and war spelled opportunity for an ambitious

soldier. Montgomery had no intention of meeting it as a member of a pool of unemployed generals.

"I pestered the War Office," he wrote afterwards, "as I was judged desperately ill. I was."

In fact, he gave no Staff officer above the rank of lieutenant-general any rest from that moment on. He demanded interviews. He wrote memoranda. He badgered friends and acquaintances.

And in the last few days of August he got his way. "You'll have to do something about Montgomery," wrote a member of the War Staff, to his chief, "or we'll never be able to get on with the war."

'Good luck'

Wearily, the Chief of Staff signed the necessary papers. The old commander of the 3rd Division was shipped abroad as a Colonial Governor. Major-General Bernard L. Montgomery was appointed to the division in his place.

The harassed Staff shook hands with him and wished him well. And as he marched away to join his new division one of

Lady Wood stood talking to the other guests on the launching platform, her hand resting on the bottle of Empire wine she was to smash across the Formidable's bows, when a massive groan made her turn round.

At the same moment the bottle was gently pulled in, against the aircraft carrier's side.

Underneath, where the spectators were gathered along the slipway, a cry went up: "She's moving! She's moving!"

What had the two sons of the Princess Royal done? The British public was never to know.

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REMEMBER? A famous partnership in British films... Gracie Fields and Sydney Howard, as they appeared in "Shipyard Sally".

from operations in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

Grave view

August 17. It had already been a day of doom and death and dire foreboding.

It ended on a note of sensation — sensation involving the Royal Family.

That evening the Press Association sent out a message saying:—

"HAREWOOD BOYS DISCLOSE MILITARY SECRET. War Office officials are considering what action to take regarding an article in the Harewood News, a typewritten publication written and published by the two young Etonians sons of the Earl of Harewood. After a conference of high Army officers at Room 36 at the War Office yesterday it was said: 'A grave view is taken of the article. Certain military information in it should never have been published. The Judge Advocate

Editor George Lascelles and Reporter Gerald were rebuked and told not to do it again. That was all.

No urgent summonses to Buckingham Palace. No meetings of the Army Council. No courts martial.

It was, perhaps, that roly-poly bon vivant Viscount Castlereagh, the famous columnist of the Sunday Express, who best summed up the mood of those in

The Kremlin toast is 'to Hitler'

General will have to be consulted as to what action we must take. On no account must the matter in this article be republished."

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REMEMBER? The pattern for the future is now set. The pledge has been given. Little real hope of peace remains... the course is set irreversibly towards the war which the people of Britain now regard as inevitable.

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RECALL

In Parliament, M.P.s were recalled from holiday. They packed the House to hear the Prime Minister speak for the first time of "the grim peril of war."

"I am glad he stopped saying 'emergency' at last and says 'war' instead," said a writer in the Daily Express. "Other words which might now be given a rest are 'fraught' and 'abyss.'"

The text was released at an interview Winston Churchill had given to two Portuguese journalists a few weeks before. "War, it comes," he said, "will be long—three years or more. Britain and France will not have the advantage at first, but afterwards it will be different."

War. New calls went out. Europe began, and millions gladly slept in the third-class cabins of the Washington as she made her last trip across the Atlantic.

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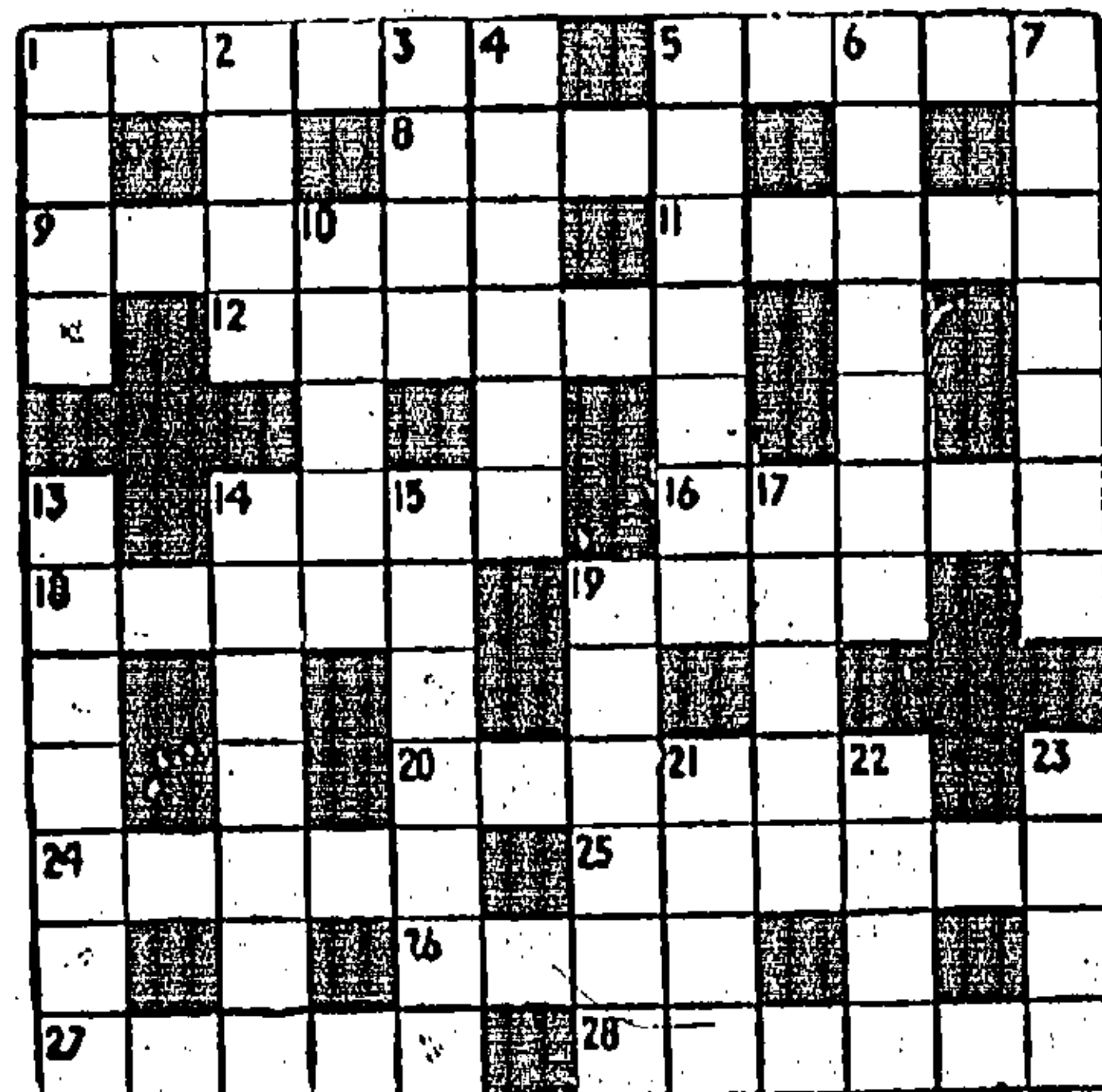
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RECALL

The Fleet is mobilised (London Express Service).

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Pass away. (6)
5. Luggage carriers. (5)
8. Industrial centre? (5)
9. Set course for Cremona? (6)
11. Vassal in Belgium. (5)
12. Swindle. (6)
14. A little bit of fluff, maybe. (4)
16. Rude. (5)
18. The chosen people? (5)
19. Wet one to the skin? (4)
20. Works in a bakery? (6)
24. Just a vestige of harness. (5)
25. Unadulterated gloom. (5)
26. Close to being miserly. (4)
27. Considered as an olded. (5)
28. Greek goddesses. (6)

DOWN

1. Noble look. (4)
2. Measure of a broody hen. (4)
3. She starts to cast off. (4)
4. Concealed. (6)
5. Free delivery? (7)
6. Cigar that isn't pointed. (7)
7. Unproductive. (7)
8. The man to take control. (5)
10. One star legislator. (7)
14. Certainly not "25." (7)
15. A break for the workers. (7)
17. Walks like a weary ploughman? (5)
19. Met by a simple character. (6)
21. Well ventilated. ((4)
22. Percolate. (4)
23. If they have it it's been carried. (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Locum, 4 Drums, 8 Red-hot, 10 Guard, 12 Rebels, 14 Cordial, 17 Scare, 19 Rustled, 20 Paradox, 22 Oral, 23 Shorten, 27 Redeem, 28 Spike, 30 Sifter, 31 May-day, 32 Sandy. Down: 1 Lyric, 2 Cider, 3 Maori, 5 Rage, 6 Woezel, 7 Blinded, 9 Ten-toss, 11 Ulster, 13 Blusher, 15 O-mar, 16 Dealer, 18 R.E.M.E., 20 Possum, 21 Rarity, 24 Omits, 25 Titan, 26 Nerve, 28 Deal.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

WE were having a well-earned rest from the world's Fascist until it popped up again when a Czech orchestra refused to play with Mme Martzy, the Hungarian violinist.

How could they be sure she would not handle her bow in a reactionary manner, suggesting contempt for the class war? The Czechs have not forgotten how a triangle-player in Prague struck his triangle with a deviationist flourish which reeked of capitalism. I am reminded of Sir Arnold Lunn's protest when the Austrian skier Hanneke Schneider was invited to compete in taking part in a competition before the war. They said to him: "You are confusing sport with politics." Sir Arnold replied: "I had no idea Schneider had been imprisoned for his athletic achievements."

How many fish in the Pacific?

A STORM of statistics is raging. There must be hundreds of thousands of people counting things every day, either as amateurs or professionals. Naturally nobody likes to challenge the figures published. If I say that the wasp population of England is 132,740,189, who is going to have the impudence and the audacity to question me, and to demand a recount? And only a man with time on his hands is likely to begin counting wasps on his own, with a view to proving me wrong. The secret of success as a statistician is to make your statement boldly, and then to stick to it.

And now Rixamughan

(TO the ravenclaw nymph who blew a kiss at me.)

Oh I can say is I wish we was in the moonlight On a gondola in Venice. But Mrs Rixamughan was brought up Old-fashioned, and she would not off my block.

So you must suffer in silence. Fate is more cruel than I. A pack of starting Krakodiles. (London Express Service).

Another crisis

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PRESENTING A 20-YEARS-FROM-NOW PREVIEW THAT WILL INTRIGUE EVERY PARENT

Will YOUR child grow up to be like YOU?

THE children's party comes to its uproarious end, and the parental cars arrive to take the guests home. Through the final melee surges the hostess leading Peter, aged six, by the hand.

"I still haven't got all their names sorted out," she says, "but this one's yours. Anyone could see that. Just the same chin. And the nose too."

So your son is like you? Not necessarily so. The fact that strangers can identify him with you merely means he looks like you. It does not follow that his personality is developing to be like your own.

One of many

How much will your children be like you when they grow up? Every day a child's character grows and changes. And the parents' influence on it is only one of many compelling elements. There is his school, his friends, what he reads, what he sees on TV.



"Let him see who's master..."

How much impact do you make on what goes on behind that sometimes innocent and sometimes not-so-innocent young face? Are you moulding his character so that it is clearly identifiable with yours?

Your answers to the questions below will help you to find out.

1 Do you feel that delinquents are dealt with too softly these days?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.

2 How would you deal with a young child's temper tantrum?

(a) Make sure he knows who is master?
(b) Ignore it?

3 How strictly were you yourself brought up?

(a) More strictly than most children.
(b) Less strictly than most children.
(c) About the same as other children.

4 Do you think it is a sign of weakness to admit you have changed your mind?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

5 Which do you think is the more important for a child to learn?

(a) Obedience.
(b) Independence.

6 How do you feel when you suddenly find yourself in a minority of one?

(a) You wonder if you are really right after all.
(b) "I don't care if they

don't like my views—I am not changing my attitude."
(c) You never find yourself in this position.

7 Do you agree that too much education can sometimes be dangerous?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

8 Would you rather see your child being

(a) With a strong sense of right and wrong?
(b) Independent minded?

9 Do you agree that you will lose authority over a growing child by admitting his presence that you are at a loss or that you have made a mistake.

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

10 How would you deal with a teenager who got ideas into his head you did not approve of?

(a) Lay a strong line with him.
(b) Let him work out his own salvation.
(c) Discuss the matter with him, being careful not to lay down the law too much.

First, check your scores on these 10 questions:

1. a=2, b=1.
2. a=2, b=1.
3. a=2, b=1, c=1.
4. a=2, b=1.
5. a=1, b=2.
6. a=1, b=2, c=1.
7. a=2, b=1.
8. a=2, b=1.
9. a=2, b=1.
10. a=2, b=1, c=1.

How many points have you scored? If you have totalled 15 OR OVER on these questions, you do the next 10 questions only.

A1 Do you think a parent should decide on the choice of a career for children?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A2 Would you say that most children need fairly constant supervision if they are not going to get into trouble?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A3 Does your child go to the same type of school that you did?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A4 Do you sometimes disagree with your wife (or husband) over how your children should be treated?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A5 How obedient is your child?

(a) Very.
(b) Usually, but not always obedient.
(c) Is troublesome.

A6 At what age would you allow a growing boy to be treated as an equal among adults?

(a) Before 15.
(b) 15 to 18.
(c) Only after 18.

A7 Have you had to punish your child recently more than once for the same offence within a week?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A8 Would you say that times were changing and that one must expect children to be somewhat different in their outlook from their parents?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

A9 What would be your reaction to your child taking up a very unusual hobby?

(a) Let him get on with it if it amuses him?
(b) This is waste of time and should be discouraged?
(c) The parents.

A10 Who would you blame for most of the increase of juvenile crime?

(a) The parents.
(b) The school.
(c) Bad companions.
(d) Films and television.
(e) The unsettled times we live in.

Now, for those whose score came to 14 OR UNDER on the opening questions, 10 questions of their own.

B1 Is your child as intelligent as you were



at his age?
(a) Yes.
(b) No.
(c) He's more advanced.
(d) You wouldn't like to say.

B2 Do you approve of boarding schools for boys?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B3 Would you let your child play with children whose parents you haven't met?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B4 How well do you know your nearest neighbours?

(a) Quite well.
(b) Hardly at all.

B5 Do you hold a position of responsibility in a leisure time organisation—such as in local government, in a sports or theatrical club, etc.?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B6 Do you allow your children to read what they like in their spare time?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B7 Does your child have the same interests as you did as a boy (or girl)?

(a) Yes.
(b) No.

B8 Who would you say should have the greatest influence in giving a child a sense of discipline?

(a) The parent.
(b) The school.
(c) Would you like your children to grow up like you?
(d) Yes, very much.
(e) No, thank you.
(f) You're not worried.

B10 What do you feel about your ability to bring up children?
(a) You are about average.
(b) You seem to have more difficulty than most.
(c) You don't seem to have any trouble.

THE DISCIPLINE TYPE...

First, the answers for those who qualified for SECTION A. These people have strong views about things in general—and in particular about the need for discipline in bringing up children.

But this attitude may produce two results: a great respect for the parent, and a desire by the child to model himself on the parent; or a sharp reaction away from all parental influences. Your answers to the Section A questions will give the clue to which.

A 1. a=3, b=1.
A 2. a=3, b=1.
A 3. a=3, b=1.
A 4. a=minus 3, b=3.
A 5. a=3, b=2, c=1.

If your score is 24 OR OVER your children should not disappoint you.

If you have scored 15 OR UNDER they may grow up in a way you don't expect...and may not like.

If you have scored BETWEEN 16 AND 23 your children will in many ways resemble you, but they will develop their own personalities which will be affected by many factors apart from the influences originating from you.

...AND THE TOLERANT

Now for people in SECTION B. These are tolerant people, who do not consciously try to model their children on themselves. Their main concern is that their children should grow up into reasonable, decent citizens. But this attitude, too, can produce diverse results.

First, check your score.
B 1. a=3, b=1, c=1, d=2.
B 2. a=1, b=3.
B 3. a=1, b=3.
B 4. a=1, b=3.
B 5. a=3, b=1.
B 6. a=1, b=3, c=1.
B 7. a=3, b=1.
B 8. a=3, b=1.

If your score is 24 OR OVER your children should resemble you in many ways.

If you scored UNDER 15 they are likely to develop personalities quite different from yours.

BETWEEN 16 AND 23 means that your children should grow up with well-developed personalities of their own, but nevertheless be strongly influenced by parental upbringing.

—(London Express Service).

The British paradox

London. IN a country like Britain which lists scientific know-how high on its export list it is paradoxical that inventors have such a thin time of it.

They seldom reap fortunes, and recognition, if it comes at all, usually comes late. Often their inventions lie neglected because the people who could exploit them do not have the necessary imagination.

Repeatedly British pioneering work has been taken over and developed by other countries to the point where its origins are forgotten.

You might think that the lesson had been learned by now. Just how wrong you would be was demonstrated recently when the H. Rover Fuel Cell was revealed to a selected group of service chiefs, industrialists and newspapermen.

Essentially the fuel cell is a battery which instead of storing power makes it. It works by mixing hydrogen and oxygen gas in a chamber containing nickel plate swimming in strong caustic soda.

Dull stuff, you say? Not a bit of it. Level-headed scientists believe that it would lead to:

- CARS which need no petrol, oil, gearbox or clutch.
- ELECTRIC TRAINS without all the bother and expense of "live" rails.
- TROLLEYBUSES requiring no maze of overhead wires.
- SUBMARINES which could operate under water for months without surfacing to recharge.
- LORRIES which would be noiseless and fumeless.

America and Russia, with all their tremendous resources, have been seeking a similar fuel cell.

Yet the first working model has been turned out by a 64-year-old British scientist named Thomas Bacon at the price of much personal sacrifice. He had been working on the idea since the early 'thirties.

It was not until 1956 that the National Research Development Corporation decided to sponsor Bacon's research.

And while everyone was making the appropriate congratulatory noises this week Bacon's wife was recalling: "Without our private means we would have had to pack up long ago. I wonder how many other ideas have been lost because the inventor has not been able to afford the price of his beliefs."

I wonder, too. And I wonder all the more when I learn that although an American firm is manufacturing the Bacon fuel cell under licence for delivery to the U.S. Air Force, so far no firm application for such a licence has been received from any British concern. Presumably this hesitancy is due to the fact that a certain amount of design refinement has still to be done.

Flying Pyramid

AS I was writing those last few lines, word came through that British scientists have plans for a space ship which could carry two men 700 miles into space, keep them there seven hours and bring them back safely.

The ship is called "The Flying Pyramid" because of the delta shape and flat bottom which

would enable it to glide down even where the air was thin.

It is also claimed that all heat is absorbed by friction with the atmosphere, would be carried away, ensuring that the machine did not burn up like a meteorite.

Scientists here believe that this British discovery is the answer to problems currently being tackled by the Americans and Russians. It is to be patented.

The Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, which is operating a development team on the Pyramid project, hope that the Government will back their work with money. So, I bet, does every Briton who wants to see his nation in the space race.

cosmopolitan London's Press corps can look forward to a future spiced with everything from sake to fermented yak's milk.

Freedom Above All

FOR a century and more fanciers of sea-shanties have been demanding, "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?"

The answer has now been supplied by the Royal Navy authorities at Portsmouth where drunkenness among ratings ashore has been an increasing problem.

It is this. Instead of letting the offending mateel get away with a token fine in a civil court and the escape of one day's pay when he comes back aboard, you persuade the civil police to hand the man over to the naval authorities who strip his leave and withdraw his privilege of wearing civilian clothes ashore.

Since this system went into operation, drunkenness among ratings has been cut by more than a half, I learned this week.

Revelations On The Thames

THE trouble with living in London is that one becomes snobbish about sightseeing. Strictly for the tourists, one says—and as a result misses a lot of the fun of being here.

Last week, though, I joined the tourists on a trip down the River by river bus. I was staggered at my ignorance of a river I see every day.

I didn't know that when a bridge is under repair a bunch of straw is suspended from it on the end of a rope—a relic of the Middle Ages when the Thames was London's main highway and workmen were not too careful about what they dropped from bridges.

I didn't know that some of the warehouses are built on piles because the river bank at that spot is congested ground and nothing may be built on it that the piles of Blackfriars bridge are shaped like church pulpits in deference to the old monastery which stood on the site; that Wren lived in a tiny house on the South bank while he was building St Paul's Cathedral; that London Bridge, if not falling down, as the nursery rhyme has it, at least leans off the vertical.

What a wonderful city this is to live in—if you only take the trouble to get to know it.

Bright Future

OF all the Press passes I have ever owned—and these have been many and varied the fanciest beyond any doubt is the one I was presented with by the Foreign Office recently for President Eisenhower's visit.

The inscription on it was almost completely overwhelmed by pink-polka dots.

It entitled me to use the Carlton House Terrace headquarters set up for newspapermen covering the tour. In deference to the number of American reporters on the job, the bar inside the headquarters was well stocked with bourbon and rye whiskey and local beer.

In London, at least, this sort of service is unusual. But it is to be a precedent then we of

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

Freedom Above All

FOR a century and more

Not A Word

IN almost any country in

Revelations On

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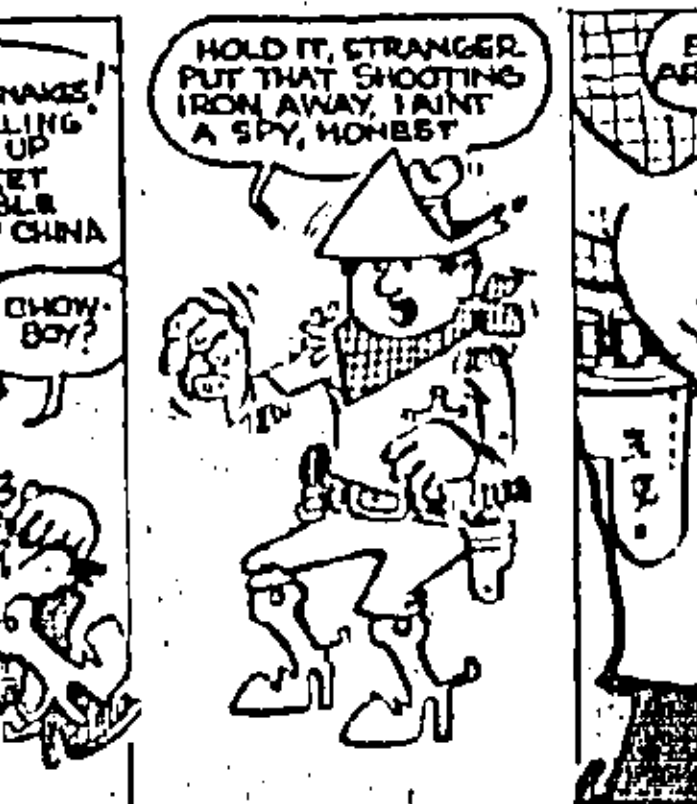
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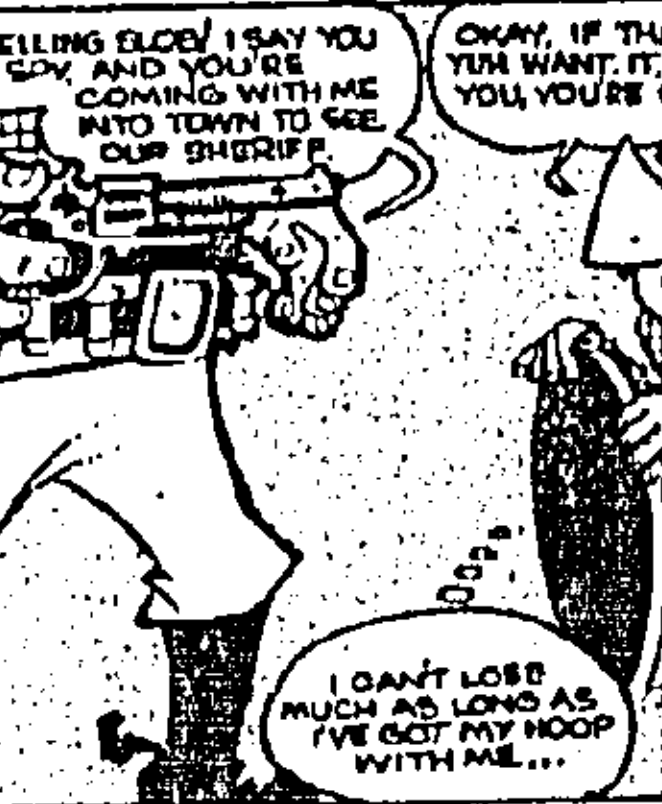
FOUR D. JONES



FERD'NAND



BRICK BRADFORD



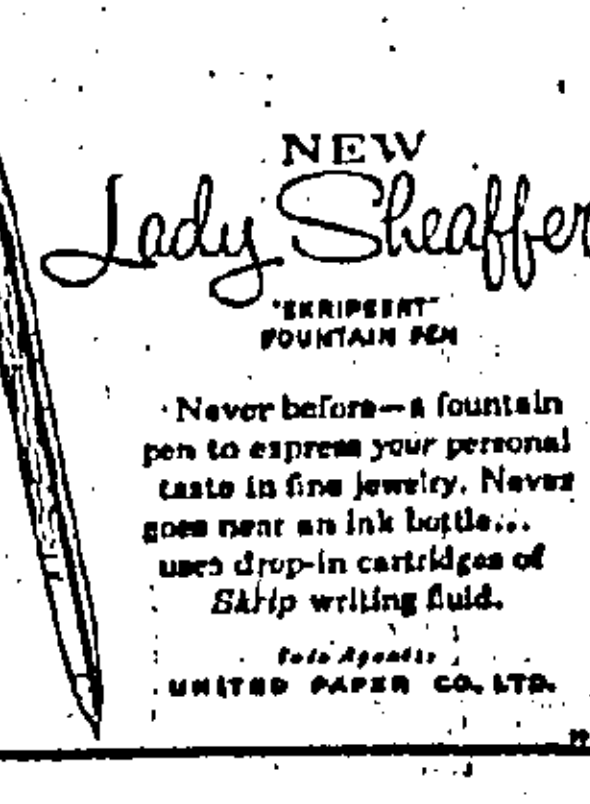
By Mikk



By Paul Norris



NEW Lady Shaffer



By Mikk



BRICK BRADFORD



San Miguel

Gives that extra lift.



★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

VERONICA PAERWORTH

HERE'S MY IDEA OF BLISS

Home... and
nothing
to do but
POTTER

THE advantages of being what is euphemistically known as a Career Girl are many—as no doubt the average housewife will be infuriated to hear once again. But those advantages are not all they seem.

To my friends who sit at home happy as birds on their nests, it appears (on the very rare occasions when my "work" crops up in conversation) that my life is one fascinating whirl of "all those divine men" expense accounts, unlimited free clothes "after the models have worn them" "such interesting people" and "what is Giles like—I mean really."

A non-starter

Since I claim to be married to the most "divine" of men... am two inches shorter in the waist than the average model and have never set eyes on Giles, my career, conversationwise, is generally a non-starter.

What is guaranteed to keep the girls arguing for the next 20 minutes is my firm belief that for every woman who works, there is nothing to equal the delights of HOME. When she can get them.

Home without the routine... home with all the time in the world to do all the thousand and one things I am always meaning to do... Oh, the bliss of it!

Like almost every other woman I'm a born "potterer." The trouble is that, given a sudden, unexpected 48 hours in my house on my own—as happened to me last week—I simply could not think where to begin.

Shave our heads?

"Let's do something absolutely mad," said I to my son who had stayed behind with me.

"Like shaving our heads?" said he happily.

"Not exactly—something that would still seem funny tomorrow."

In the end we wallpapered the insides of some cupboards (in a great splashy rose print) with striking, if amateurish, results.

But it was not quite what I had in mind.

Inevitably we are all of us, business women or home birds, caught up in a routine of some kind—eating at mealtime, ducking into bed at bedtime, washing our backs, taking our turn, standing in line, minding our own business, keeping to the left... and so on.

The choice

Occasionally comes the urge to stay in bed till tea-time... to talk to total strangers... to choose lobster for breakfast... colour-rinse the dog sky blue... sleep out under the stars... see what pale green pearl varnished toenails really look like... Maybe I got as close as any woman could get to an entirely feminine picnic at home on the evening of my 48 hours' semi-solitude.

I was lying in my bath when the telephone rang. It was one of the nicest and most sensible women I know.

Reply

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked. "Are you utterly miserable on your own?"

"When you telephoned," I told her happily, "I was lying in a radioactive therapeutic bath with a rejuvenating, toning tonic mask on

my face, sipping iced rum and yoghurt, peeling rose-patterned wallpaper off and wondering if I might dye the dog blue."

"Are you all right, dear?" Did you say you were

flash to satisfy herself I hadn't taken leave of my senses.

Twenty minutes later, smothered in toning tonic mask, she tried out her first iced rum and yoghurt. She loved it.

Vee Pee Again

Buying furs?
Then watch
your
line

IT is regrettable but true that the average British woman is five feet two and pear-shaped.

The results of a survey published by the Stationery Office are available, price 1s. 3d., to prove it.

Which means that she must



practise considerable restraint when choosing furs.

A pear shape into a shaggy-dog shape WON'T GO—well, not with any success fashion-wise.

Considerable pitfalls lie ahead for her too in the shape of fur-trimmed coats and suits for autumn and winter.

Giant bolster collars, all snugly and soft, make a singularly unbecoming line—filling in from the tip of the ear to the shoulder seams—creating a seemingly neckless wonder.

The wide, long-haired variety can be even more remarkable—conjecturing up an impression of the head served up on a hairy plate.

Look before you leap at those furs—look at yourself full-length and from all angles.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

WHAT I always say is, there's nothing quite like tea out of doors. Yes, you sit here and I'll sit here and sandwiches, dear?

"Now, keep PERFECTLY STILL... don't MOVE! It's only a wisp!"

"Oh, there—and I missed it. Was that your ear, dear? No, sorry."

BUT CHOOSE
YOUR PARTNER
WITH CARE

INTRODUCING the just-above-the-ankle-length gown—the most interesting news in formal evening dressing to come out of Paris.

This one in heavy white guipure lace has a black velvet ribbon sash. I like the length...

BECAUSE it is manageable.

BECAUSE it is comfortable to dance in.

BECAUSE one could get in and out of a present-day car gracefully when wearing it.

But this new length, focusing first attention on the hemline, demands pretty feet and perfect shoes. Which means picking your dancing partner carefully—and no stuffed toes.

The cape covers a low-cut evening dress with a shoulder-line dipping almost to the waist at the back.

Capes are new. Princess Alexandra's Australian tour wardrobe includes a beauty in sharp red over a matching dress.

Dress by Bob Duguid. Photo by John Adkins.

Make The Most
Of Beans

"DO most home-makers make the best use of dried beans?" the Chef asked.

"Unfortunately, Chef, they do not," I told him. "Probably because many do not know how to use them, or feel they take too long to prepare."

"Dried beans are a valuable food. They are classed as secondary proteins. But add a little meat when cooking them, or serve them in a meal containing a small amount of meat, fish, cheese, eggs or milk, their proteins are combined and activated and they become important protein building blocks in the body."

For A Main Dish

"For example, Madame, if one served plain baked beans for the main dish, the protein needed could be furnished by a first course of sardines or ham salad; or a cream soup or cottage cheese on lettuce."

"Or it could be in the form of a dessert such as ice cream, or a custard or pudding. Chef, made with milk and eggs. A meal based on dried beans once or twice a week adds variety and is a real money saver."

Tomorrow's Dinner

Cabbage-Celery Slaw
Boston Baked Beans
Braised Frankfurters
Fried Potatoes
Sautéed Green Peppers
Fruit Cocktail Pie
Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Cooked Salad Dressing: Melt 2 1/2 tbs. butter or margarine in a qt. double boiler top.

Stir in 1/2 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. salt, 3/4 tsp. sugar and 1/2 tsp. cornstarch. Beat and add 1 egg. Stir in 3/4 c. sweet or commercial sour cream, or undiluted evaporated milk. Cook-stir over boiling water until it thickens.

Then, with a rotary beater, gradually beat in 1/4 c. cider vinegar. Cook and beat about 3 min., or until the consistency of heavy cream.

Refrigerate in a covered jar. Fruit Cocktail Pie: Bake a 9" pie shell.

Before baking, press dry flaked coconut into the crust at the edge. Prepare 1 pie, using only 1 1/2 c. water. Refrigerate until syrupy.

Add 2 c. drained canned fruit cocktail. Refrigerate until beginning to thicken; spoon into the pie shell. Refrigerate 3 hrs. or until firm.

Top with whipped cream, or dust with more dry flaked coconut, toasted palm brown.

LADY LUCK

your
CHINA MAIL
horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Since you dislike unpleasant scenes, you must try and avoid unnecessary arguments which lead nowhere.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You will contribute considerably to the great success of a party to which you will be invited at the last moment.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Don't be tempted to lose control of your emotions, but keep some things unsaid if they are likely to get you into trouble.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A few days of complete rest will do you a world of good and help you to solve your most urgent problems.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): An experience gained some time ago will serve you well when encountering a rather delicate situation at home.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Although the family may disapprove of your ambitions, don't let their attitude hamper your progress.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Your uncritical love for those near you is liable to make you overlook any faults they may have.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Since you find it difficult to break away from your daily routine, you ought to use every spare moment for some relaxing pastime.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): You will be able in the not so distant future to reveal your true feelings to a person who until now has thought you rather cool and distant.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Since you possess the necessary mental and physical equipment, you can accept an unusual challenge without hesitation.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): This ought to be a day full of interest for you which may mark the beginning of a lasting association.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Your courage and faith are most enviable traits and are an inspiration to others to face life with greater fortitude.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If this is your birthday, a meeting with a man named ROGER may have some special significance.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

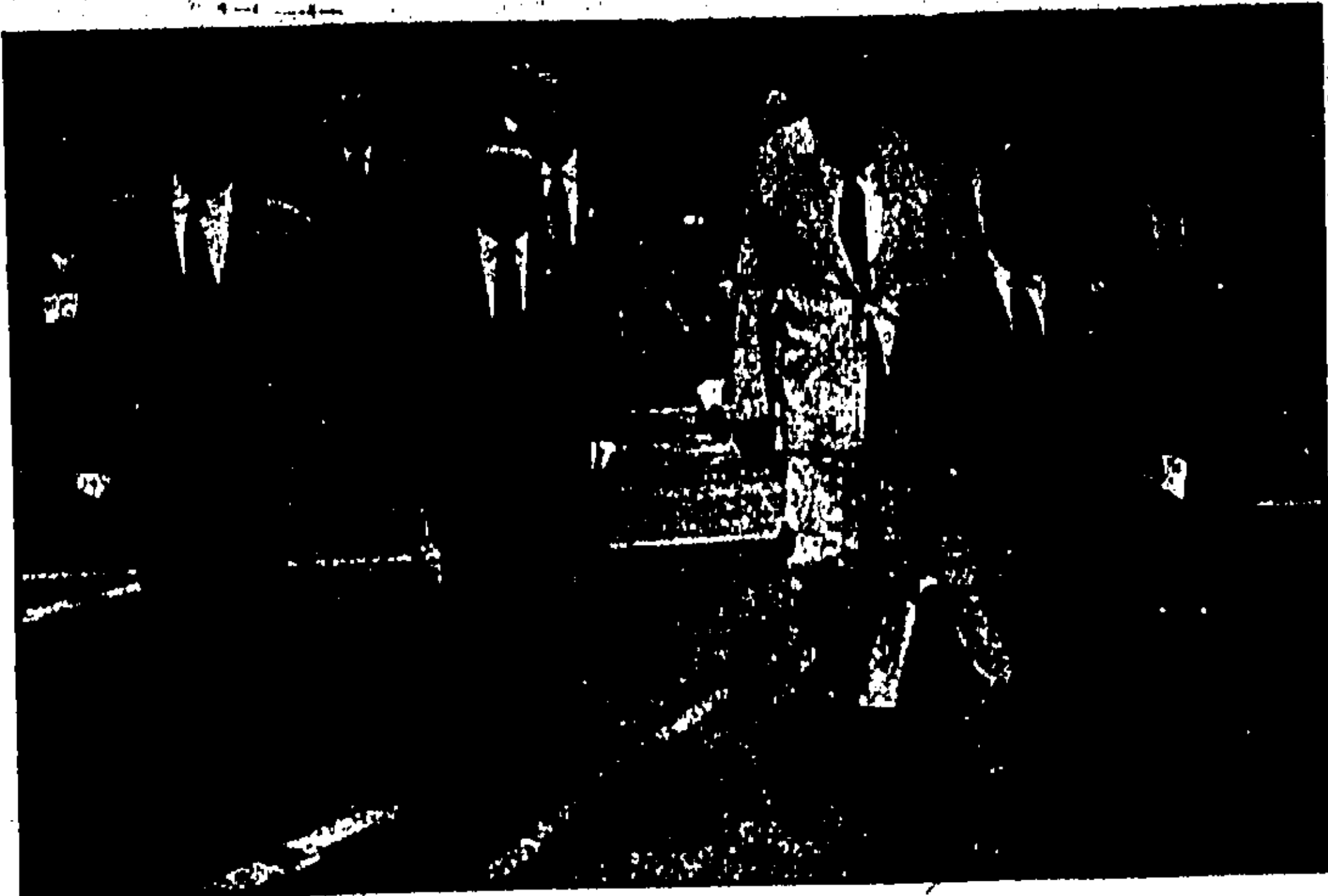
Important visitors, V.I.P.s for Fred... and a strenuous time for me too... after that long drive on their last afternoon showing them some of the sights... we had only enough time to bathe and change... and then we took them for dinner to one of the newest nightspots... I might have thought it'd be just a little tired... but it turned out to be a wonderful evening... one of those evenings when everything goes right... when you know you're at your best, looking your loveliest...

Thanks partly to that Knight's Castle bath... as always! Carol has a way of managing things... of rising to any occasion... cool, bright and refreshed. It's a lucky gift. And also uses Knight's Castle every day. That helps. Mild, pure and expensively perfumed, the real luxury toilet soap. Try this gentle soap. Use it daily for a spell and find out for yourself how it will help to keep you looking your loveliest always!



Look your loveliest
WITH
KNIGHT'S CASTLE
TOILET SOAP





ABOVE: Mr F. M. Castro, Hon. Secretary of the Hongkong Prisoners of War Association (second from right), seen as he walks to the Cenotaph to lay a wreath on the occasion of the anniversary of Hongkong's liberation.



LEFT: At the corner-stone laying ceremony of the new Kowloon Rhenish School at U Tat Chee Avenue, Yau Yat Chuen, last week (l-r): Dr H. K. Pang, Mr C. C. Cheng and Mr D. J. S. Crozier (Director of Education).



LEFT: At the farewell dinner to Mr W. H. Williams, retiring Deputy Director of Audit, held at the Majestic Restaurant recently (l-r): Mr F. E. L. Carter, Mr W. H. Williams, Mr P. T. Warr.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Kenneth, H. Wheeler after their wedding at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Winifred L. Stevens.



ABOVE: Air Commodore P. D. Holder (right), Air Officer Commanding, RAF Hongkong, presents the Commander-in-Chief's testimonial to Sergeant J. D. Fenwick in a ceremony at RAF Kai Tak recently.



ABOVE: Jim Bullington, 13 (left), American newspaperboy who won a round-trip cruise to the Orient for himself and his mother in a newspaper subscription contest, seen here with a friend during his visit to the Colony recently.



ABOVE: Mr Claude Burgess, Officer Administering the Government (left), arriving at St John's Cathedral on Sunday to attend the Liberation Day service. Greeting him is Sir John Kinloch.



ABOVE: Miss Ho Chung-chung, principal of the True - Light Middle School, seen laying the corner-stone of the School's new building. Looking on are Mr Eric Cumine (right) and Mr Lam Chik-suen.



RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Henry Wat Wai-kin seen after their wedding at the Registry last week. The bride is the former Miss Pauline Woo Mo-yee.



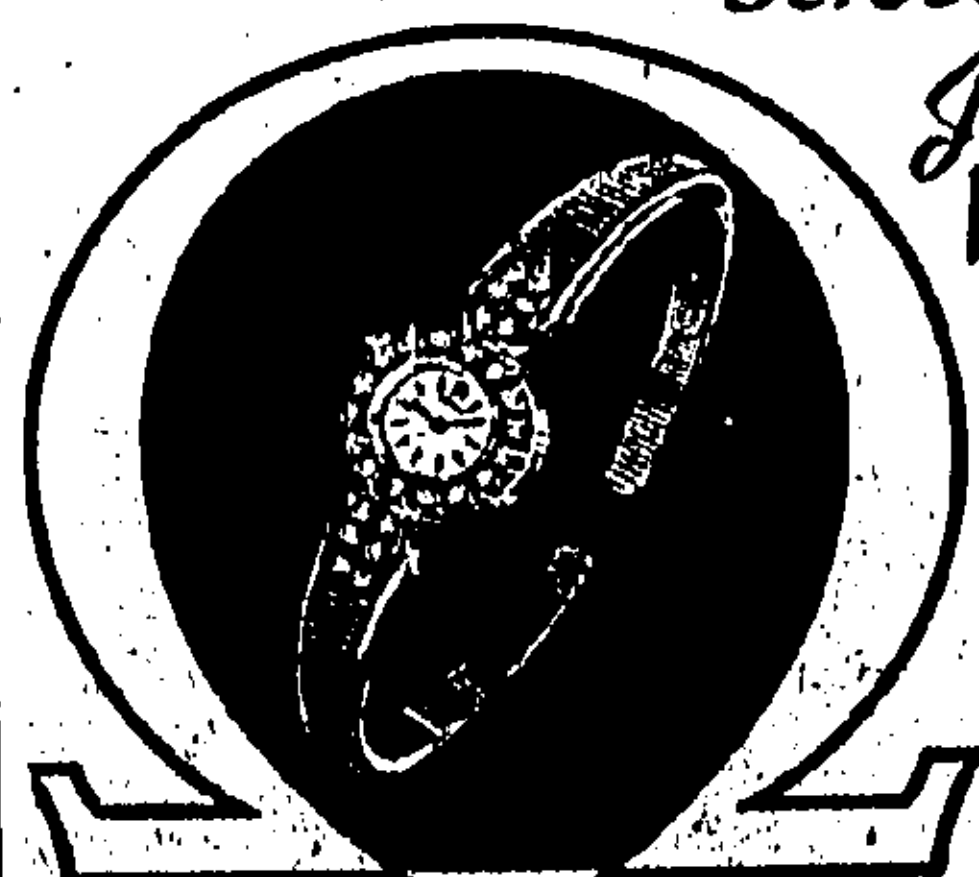
RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Patrick Alexander Highett Bpily after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last week. The bride is the former Miss Margaret Colmans.



ABOVE: At the Royal Hongkong Defence Force's celebration of Liberation Day at the Sergeants' Mess, Volunteer Centre, last week (l-r): Mr Claude Burgess (Officer Administering the Government), Mr D. Knott, Mr C. A. J. V. Ribeiro and Mr Tang Kam-hing.

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



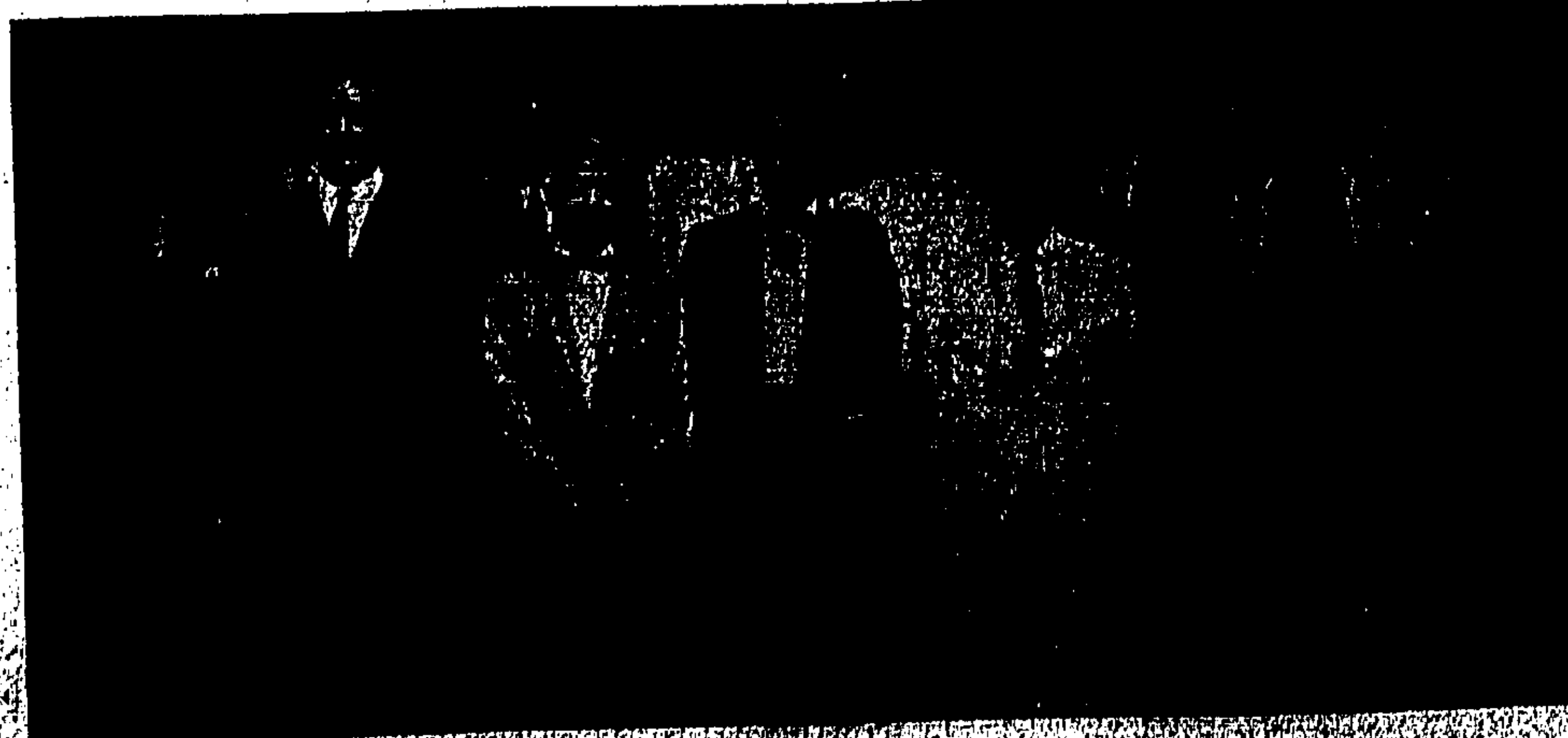
The watch the world has learned to trust
Some day you will own one

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORISED RETAILERS

Sub Agent: CHIT LEE

OMEGA

At Jordan House



ABOVE: Six members of the Union Church, Kennedy Road, were ordained Deacons on Sunday, and a seventh—ordained a Deacon in Singapore—was admitted as a Deacon here. The seven are seen here (l-r) in the front row: Mr J. M. Fraser, Mr H. E. P. Gerner, Dr J. C. Hall, Mr W. H. Watcott, Mr H. Noble, Mr W. S. Anderson, and Mr H. M. Howell. Rev. R. C. Symington, who officiated, is seen in the back row, third from left.

All sales records broken!

PHILCO

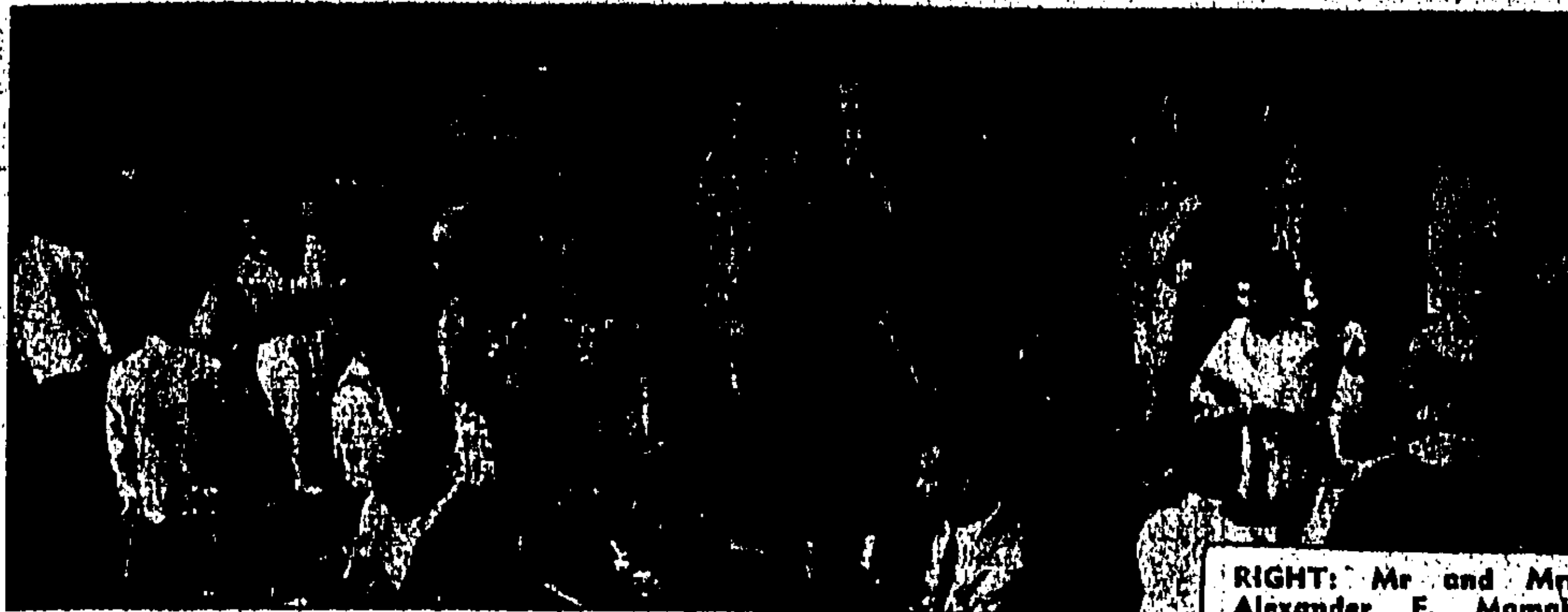
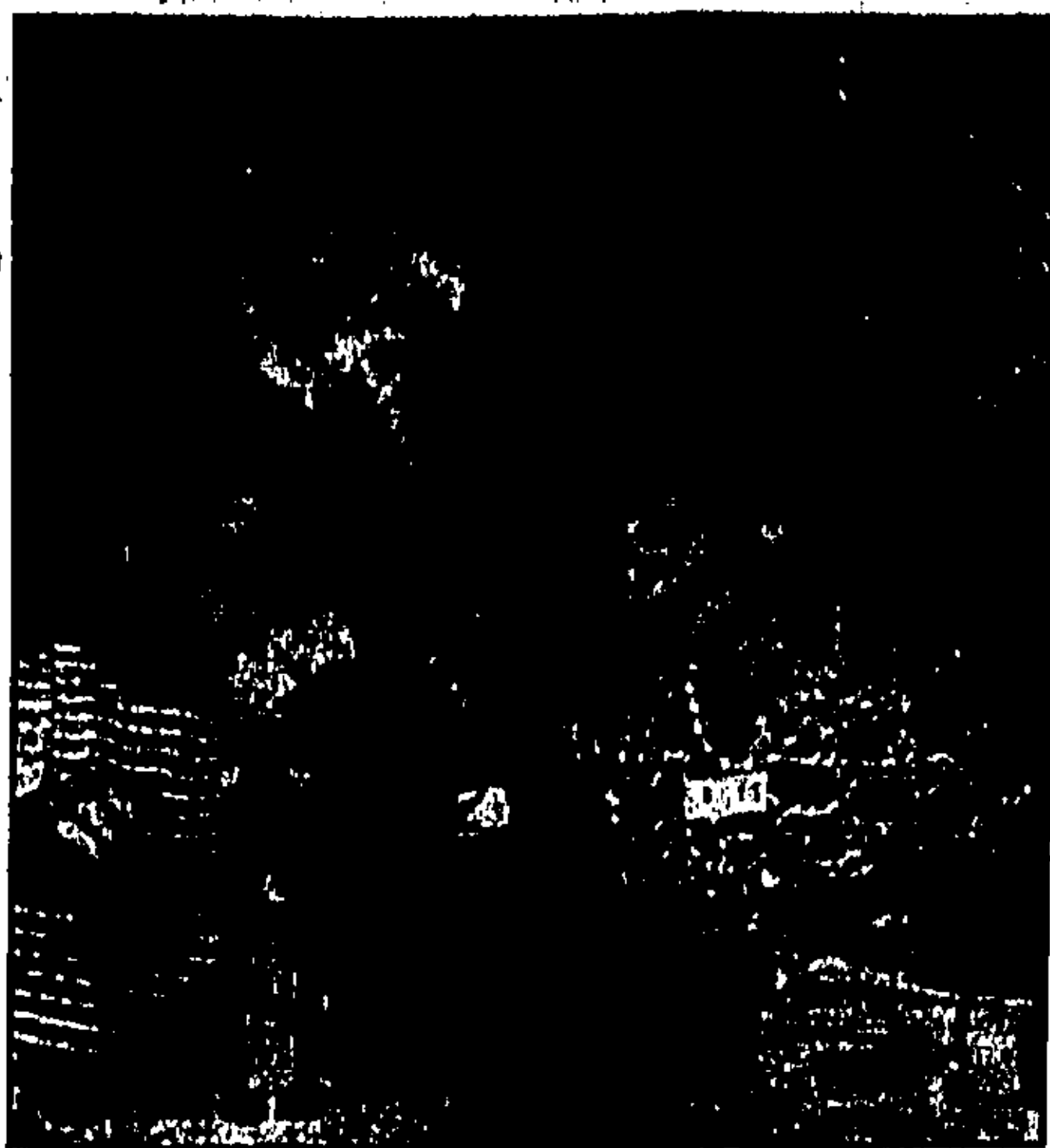
Air-Conditioner

1 H.P. 1 Ton

12,000 BTU'S CAPACITY

HIGHEST COOLING CAPACITY
OF THE
1 H.P. AIR-CONDITIONERS
Available in Hong Kong
(True 50 Cycle)

GILMAN



LEFT: At the Ikebana flower arrangement meeting held at the Wing On Mess Hall recently (l-r): Mrs P. J. Evans and Miss E. MacCormac.

ABOVE: Mr Stanley Rich held a cocktail party at the Correspondents' Club last week. Seen is part of the large gathering on the lawn of the Club.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Alexander F. Mamak who were married recently in Sydney. The bride is the former Miss Natalie Georgievna Ivanovsky, and the groom is the son of Mr and Mrs Victor Mamak, of Hongkong.



ABOVE: At the Ben Line cocktails given recently at the firm's premises (l-r): Mr R. Thorman, Mr H. A. Castro and Mr A. G. Parker.



ABOVE: At the farewell party given to Dr and Mrs K. G. Hobart by the Council of Social Service on Thursday (l-r): Dr E. Ballou, Dr Hobart and Mr E. W. Wilmott.



ABOVE: At the Hongkong and Kowloon Watch and Clock Association's anniversary celebrations held at the Cafe de Chine recently (l-r): Mr Tse Chu-cheung, Mr Kwok Chan, Mr Chan Pang-fee and Mr Poon Yuen-pung.



ABOVE: At the cocktail reception given by the Sony Corporation of Japan marking the opening of their branch office here this week (l-r): Mr Law Kin-kwai and Mr Akio Morita.



ABOVE: At the farewell party for Professor and Mrs E. S. Kirby given by Mr F. M. de Mello Kamath, Commissioner for India, and Mrs Kamath (l-r): Mrs N. C. Mishna, Mrs Kamath, Mrs Kirby, Mr Kamath, Prof. Kirby and Mr N. C. Mishna.



ABOVE: At the cocktails given by the Bank of America for Mr M. R. Ahuja, the Bank's representative in India, when he arrived in the Colony recently (l-r): Mrs F. M. de Mello Kamath, Mr E. De Jong, Mr Ahuja, Mrs De Jong and Mrs Ahuja.

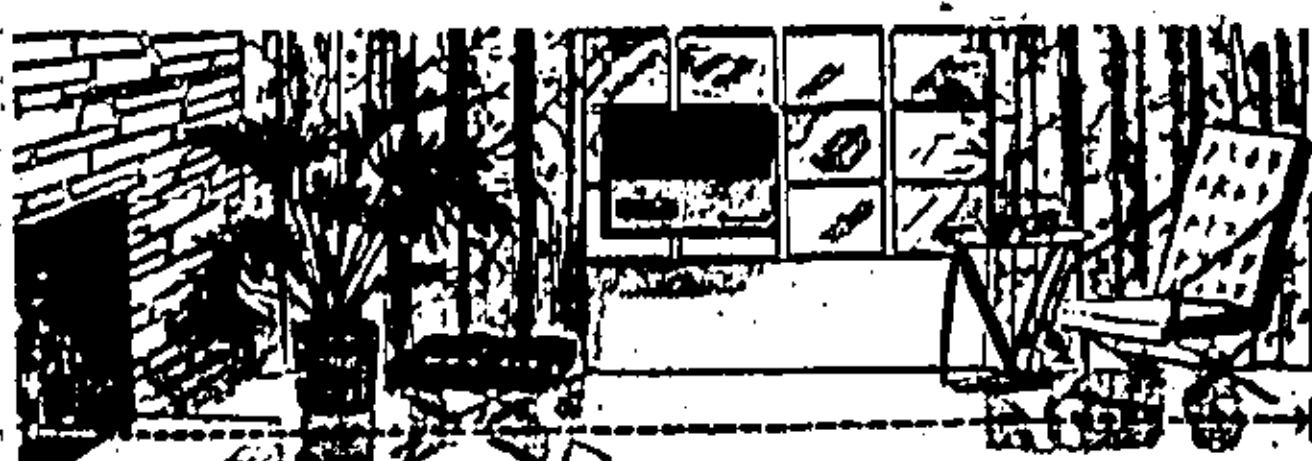


ABOVE: At the opening of the Vocational Training Centre for the Blind by Mr O. F. Hamilton, president of the Kowloon Rotary Club, recently (l-r): Mr C. E. Terry, Mr Jim Moodie, Mr Hamilton.



ABOVE: Mrs C. B. Burgess, wife of the Officer Administering the Government, says hello to a young patient during her recent visit to the Sandy Bay Children's Convalescent Home.

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ABOVE: Mr J. M. Fraser (foreground) talks with one of the many children who flocked to the Children's Library opened formally by him at Central Terrace, St. Paul's recently. Behind him are (l-r): Rev. Fr. J. Howson, Miss E. Beadwell, Mrs Kam Wong Yee Nam and Mrs. Miss Chan.

Tonight's Floorshows

GLADYS KALANI

★ ★ ★

with the sensational

MISS GERY SCOTT

with Igor Fischer at the Piano

Music by: Posing Garcia & his Dynamic Dancers
Vocalist: Lady of Minds

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Famous Cat Stories

—Hanid Tells Purr-Purr About Some Fabulous Felines—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the Shadow Girl with the Turned-About Name, had taken Purr-Purr into her lap.

"Now, Purr-Purr, dear," said Hanid to the Kitten. "I don't suppose you can read, can you?"

Purr-Purr didn't answer, although Hanid waited patiently for a moment to see if she would. Then, suddenly, Hanid remembered that Purr-Purr couldn't talk unless she had the magic ribbon around her neck.

Answer Is No

Hanid reached behind the bookcase where she kept the magic ribbon hidden. Finally, she hung it over Purr-Purr's head.

"No," said Purr-Purr. "I can't."

"Oh, you mean about reading a book," said Hanid, who had almost forgotten what her question had been. "Now that's too bad because if you could read, my dear, I could show you a book that has some stories in it about some very famous cats."

"What book are you talking about?" asked Purr-Purr, as she looked up at Hanid with her large round green eyes. "And what cats do you mean?"

Hanid smiled. Then she reached over to the bookcase again. This time she took a book with a red cover.

"Now listen very carefully," she said to Purr-Purr, as she

opened the book. "The first story is about a Cat who had a pair of boots—a wonderful pair of boots. Every time she put them on, she could take a great big step."

"How big?" asked Purr-Purr.

Miles And Miles

"Every step was miles and miles," said Hanid. "Don't you wish you had boots like that, Purr-Purr?"

To Hanid's surprise, Purr-Purr shook her head and said: "I don't like boots. Tell me another story about a Cat."

"Well," said Hanid, as she turned some more of the pages of the book, "there's a poem here about a Cat who plays the fiddle. It's a wonderful poem."

"I'd like to hear it," said Purr-Purr. "If it's not too long. I don't like long poems."

"It's quite short, my dear," said Hanid.

And she read this poem:

"Fey, diddle, diddle, the Cat
and the fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the
moon
The little Dog laughed to see
such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon!"

The Cow jumped over the moon

The little Dog laughed to see such sport

And the dish ran away with the spoon!

Rupert and the Outlaws—18



Rupert rises and pats the dog. "You clever thing!" he says. "I was searching for you and now you've found me! Thank goodness those men didn't see you. But how shall we get out of this wood?" Then the dog stiffens as it hears



the sound of heavy footsteps rapidly nearing them. Rupert just manages to dodge behind a tree before the man who had imprisoned him appears. The man catches sight of the dog and with an angry cry he gives chase to it.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



The Cow jumped over the moon

Purr-Purr looked quite proud when she heard this poem about the Cat and the fiddle.

"But, of course," Hanid went on, "there once was a Cat who looked at a King—or perhaps it was a Queen. She was a very famous Cat. And then there's the poem about the three Kittens who lost their mittens. Would you like to hear that poem, Purr-Purr?"

"Purr-Purr didn't speak. And when Hanid looked down, she saw that the magic ribbon had come untied and fallen off and Purr-Purr had shut her eyes and was fast asleep.

Materials:

13 (14) (15) (16) oza.
Emu Spangle Double Knitting, Romany Double Knitting, Scotch Double Knitting.

One pair each of Emu Knitting Needles size 6 and 8.

Measurements:

To fit bust 34, 36, 38, 40 inches.

Length 22½, 23, 23½, 28½ inches.

Sleeve length 17½, 17½, 17½, 17½ inches.

Tension:

5 stitches and 6 rows to 1 square inch.

Abbreviations:

K, knit; p, purl; at(s), stitch(es); st, stocking stitch; inc, increase, dec, decrease; alt, alternate; beg, beginning; (-) means no stitches to be worked in that particular size.

BACK

* With size 8 needles, cast on 90 (96) (100) (106) sts. Work in k. 1 p. 1 rib for 2 inches. Change to size 6 needles and st. st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Work until Back measures 18½ inches, ending with a p. row.

Shape Raglan Armholes

** Dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 4 (8) (10) (10) rows. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following alt. row ** until 30 (30) (30) (36) sts.

remain. Work 1 row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work as for Back from * to *

Shape Raglan Armholes and Front:

Next row: K. 2 (og., k. 43 (40) (48) (51), turn and dec. 1 st. at neck edge. On the next and every following 4th (4th) (4th) (4th) row, 14 (14) (14) (17) times in all, at the same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row 3 (7) (9) (8) times

more, then every alt. row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off. Join in wool at centre, and work second side to correspond, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

With size 8 needles, cast on 42 (44) (46) (48) sts. Work in k. 1 p. 1 rib for 3 inches.

Next row: Rib 4 (0) (0) (-), * work twice into next st., rib 2 (2) (2) (3) * rep. from * to last 2 (2) (2) (-) sts., rib 2 (2) (4) (-) sts. 54 (50) (58) (60) sts. Change to size 6 needles and st. st., line 1 st. at both ends of the next and every

following 20th (14th) (12th) (14th) row until there are 22 (28) (22) (22) sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 17½ inches from the beg., ending with a p. row.

Shape Raglan Top

Work as for Back from ** to ** until 2 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

NECKBAND

Join Raglan seams leaving right back seam open. With size 8 needles, k. 20 (30) (30) (36) sts. from back neck, 2 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Join Right back seam.



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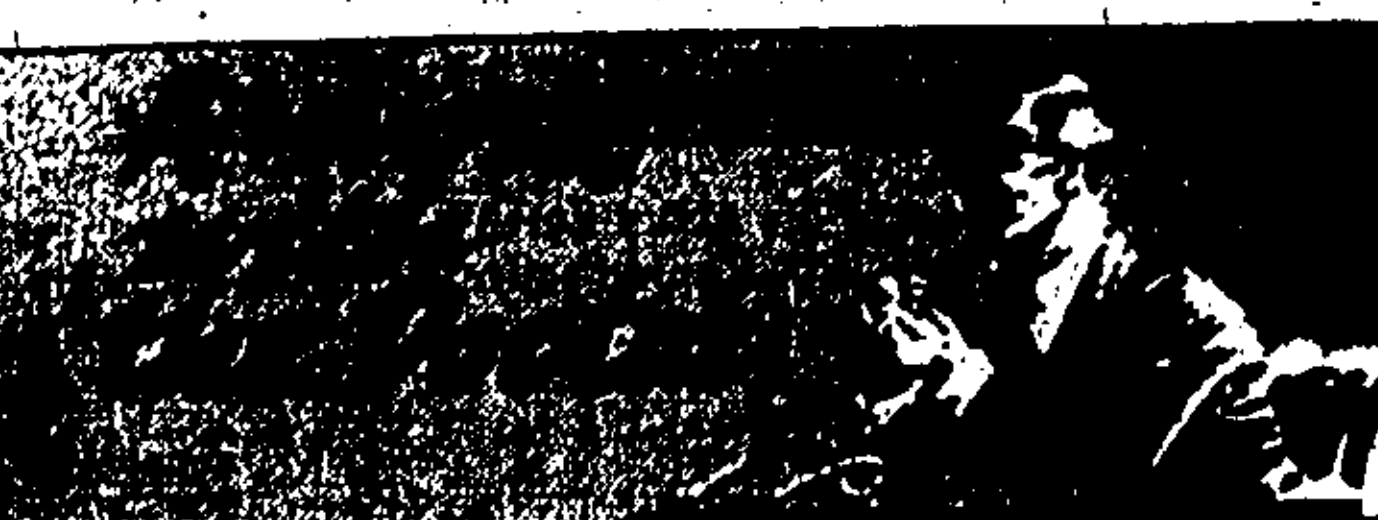
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What To Do With A Stroke

MANY elderly people must be cared for at home but relatives do worry a little when grandpa, or grandma, comes to live with them, that they may "have a stroke."

This is particularly true when the old man is known to have a raised blood pressure. He may, in fact, have had a warning in the form of a mild, slight, stroke.

It is important to see or woman to do anything that any elderly relative like run a four-minute mile. gets some exercise. Other- wise their blood tends to stagnate, especially in the old arteries of the brain. But don't expect an old man

she misses it there will be another soon. That will make her worry, and worry does as much harm as hurry.

Try to reduce her visits upstairs; once a day, at bedtime, is all she need attempt, provided you have a toilet on the ground floor.

Not Conspicuous

Alternatively, try gradually to sell her the idea of using a commode. These boons are not by any means as conspicuous as she thinks. Many a family doctor has sat on one at a patient's bedside and never been aware of the fact!

Food has little to do with the onset of a stroke, although a stroke may follow an exceptionally heavy meal. Nevertheless, don't encourage over-eating. Provide a little of something, often—even if it's only a drink of some favourite liquid food and a blanket.

If grandpa is a heavy smoker, don't tell him where you keep the emergency packet of tobacco.

Never worry too much about the possibility of a seizure, but if you do worry, never let the

patient know it. The fear of having a stroke can be more damaging than the stroke itself.

It is as well, however, that you should know how to recognize an impending cerebral haemorrhage or stroke. Often the patient will complain of dizziness and have difficulty in telling you what's wrong. Frequently, they seem a bit muddled.

They may call you Cousin Emma. Food may collect at one side of the mouth, or the patient may complain of pins and needles in one side of the face or in a limb.

When this happens make the patient lie down, and get in touch with your doctor. Don't try to struggle upstairs with him single-handed. If he becomes worse, perhaps unconscious, loosen clothing and turn the head to one side so that he doesn't swallow his own tongue or inhale vomit.

Don't Panic

Be mentally prepared for such an emergency as this—but don't panic. Remember that a stroke, though often a sad and disturbing sight to a loving relative, is not physically painful.

Even if you have to face the coming of loss and bereavement, there is much more still to be done today than ever before.

Roderick Mann

TOP COLUMN OF SHOW BUSINESS

Monty Clift weeps: 'The price of fame is high'



Now Gina Lollobrigida gets the Hollywood gloss. The hair style is changed, the eyebrows lightened. The eyelashes are picked out, the mouth softened. In Hollywood filming *Never So Few* with Frank Sinatra, Italy's pride and joy emerges, alas, with that all-too-familiar chocolate-box look. A look in which there is quite a lot of her glamorous Italian rival, Sophia Loren. (Right) The old Lollo.

IT was an extraordinary encounter. A brief, penetrating glimpse into the unhappy mind of one of Hollywood's youngest and—you may think—greatest virtuosos: Montgomery Clift.

Ninety restless minutes during which time he alternately wept, mimicked me, lay on the floor, swore and pretended to be deaf.

His new film, *Suddenly, Last Summer*—in which he co-stars with Elizabeth Taylor and Katharine Hepburn—had just been completed.

It is a raw, emotional, Tennessee Williams shocker and even as he paced the floor of his hotel suite—while the long-player in the next room echoed Sinatra—Clift was still tense.

"I play the doctor," he said. "It's a long part, but a jousy part. There's no spark. The others, Liz and Katie, they spark off me."

One of the few

I asked if he had discussed the part with Tennessee Williams—recalling how he had made a special journey to see author James Jones about his role in *From Here to Eternity*.

He looked at me bleakly. "No. Tennessee doesn't give a damn—as long as he gets his film rights. I never even met him. James Jones cared. So I went to see him."

"You must be one of the few actors ever to bother seeking out an author?" I said.

He looked hard at me.

"Yes? Hey, what a bore I must be. What a damn, dreary bore."

"Not if it helps you turn in a good performance," I said.

"What did you think of me in *The Young Lions*?" he asked.

"It was a fine performance," I said.

Tears coursed down his cheeks. He wept silently, and without embarrassment. And

the words, no longer hesitant, tumbled over themselves.

"I was proud of that. That was one of the few films I was really proud of. But you know the only impact it had on some people? It was my first film after I'd had my car crash in Hollywood—and when people saw my face on the screen they shrieked. 'Oh, God—poor Monty. What's happened to his face?'"

"I'd lost 12lb. to play the part, you see, and had my ears glued forward. I wanted to look like a rodent, that's why. Lean and slim like a rodent. Or let's say a rat passing for a mouse. But they didn't see that. Oh, no. All they saw was that my face looked different and they shrieked."

So pleased

"Are you ever moved by your own performances on the screen?" I asked.

"What's that?" he said sharply. "What's that?" He came over to me and I repeated the question. "Hey," he said. "You've got nice teeth. I wish I had teeth like those. I hate mine. How did you get teeth like those?"

Then he was back to the original question.

"Of course I'm moved if I've got the part right. I cried when I saw myself in *The Young Lions*. There was that scene with the girl in Brooklyn, you know. It was so good I didn't even realise it was me. I was so pleased and proud."

"Are you proud of many of your pictures?"

He laughed wildly and buried his head in his hands.

"That's a pretty silly question. 'Is it?'"

"Of course it is. How can any actor be proud of many of his pictures? There was only one other picture that really meant anything to me, and that was *Lonely Hearts*."

"One of the worst things you've ever done," I said.

"I'm proud of *Lonely Hearts*," he said. "That and *The Young Lions*. Nothing else."

He fumbled for a cigarette, and lit the cork-tipped end.

He mimicked

I asked: "Did your car crash change you at all. It was a pretty bad bash, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," he mimicked. "It was a bad bash all right. A terribly bad bash."

"No, of course it didn't change me. I'm exactly the same person I was before. And this is the same face. My nose was broken in two places, and my cheek got gouged and my teeth had to be straightened. But now it's just as it was before. I ought to know. It's my face."

His eyes grew wet again. Suddenly he flung himself on the floor and lay stretched out, his suit rumpled, his face buried in the carpet.

"Since you first went to Hollywood you've worked very hard to keep your private life to yourself," I said. "Do the trappings of stardom really appeal to you so much?"

High price

He looked up from the carpet. "Some actors get their satisfaction from giving performances. Others get theirs from giving autographs. You have to pay a high price to be a public figure, and I find it offensive. And you have to be polite all the time. That's difficult. I can be polite in the morning and in the afternoon, but by the time five o'clock comes, he shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

I left the talented, tortured Monty Clift standing shoeless by the door, his suit crumpled, his face a wreck.

"It hasn't been much good, has it?" he said. "I kept trying to think of things to say but I couldn't."

—(London Express Service).

Miss Hahn, 17, talks of her 'past'

LIMELIGHT by
Thomas Wiseman

MISS PAULINE HAHN, a 17-year-old veteran of American show-business, has been brought to London to play the lead in the film of *Pick-Up Girl*.

Miss Hahn, looking like a youngish 12-year-old, met me the other evening at the Dorchester bar and with truly frightening aplomb ordered a screwdriver (vodka and orange juice), lit a long cigarette and began to tell me all about herself and her "Past." Which is somehow more considerable than the "Past" of any other 17-year-old I have encountered.

Just kid's stuff

"I've been in this business 15 years," said Miss Hahn with faint nostalgia, giving me an indulgent smile. "That is to say," she added, "professionally."

"Before that I didn't take it very seriously. Up to the age of two I was really just an amateur, you know."

"I was 'discovered' by my mother when I was 10 months old. She claims she perceived some remarkable talent in me."

As a matter of fact, I could sing rather well.

"But that was just kid's stuff, you know. I didn't get into the business proper until I was... oh... nearly two."

Then I had an act on radio together with my brother. Of course he was a lot older than me. He was five.

"We also did a show at that time up in the resorts, entertaining hotel guests. I wouldn't say we made an overnight hit. It wasn't until I was almost four that I got this TV show."

"I did singing and dancing and ventriloquising on that. Then, when I was seven, I got my big break in a Mike Todd show on Broadway called *As The Girls Go*.

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Breathing spell

"Just before that I'd gone into semi-retirement for nine months to think things over, you know. I'd wanted a little breathing spell to think about my future. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to continue in show business."

"I was very interested in becoming a psychiatrist at that time. Oh, I guess I'd always been interested in psychiatry—from the age of two I was kind of always interested in people."

I asked Miss Hahn if she considered she had missed anything by not being a normal retarded baby, of the non-singing, non-ventriloquising sort.

She replied, "Oh, no, I wouldn't say that. I was never an 'adult child' like some child actresses are. My God, you know three years ago I was so naive, you wouldn't believe it."

"Oh no, I wouldn't say I am sophisticated. Not sophisticated. I hope I'm a little more mature now than I was during my adolescent phase. I was very immature then. I had a pretty high IQ but I don't hold with IQ tests—they are so false."

I asked Miss Hahn whether in her short full life she had so far found any time for her own. "Oh, yes," she said. "I started taking it around 18," she said.

GIRL ON A DIET...

WITH uncharacteristic discreetness Mr Irving ("If I get a literate script I throw it in the waste-paper basket") Allen has been building a star, a hobby in which film producers sometimes indulge to their cost.

Two years ago Mr Allen, of the firm of Warwick Films, spotted a plumpish (11st.) dark-haired girl announcing on television. She immediately kindled a starmaker's glint in his tough, wild old eyes.

★ The girl was ANNE AUBREY. Mr Allen gave her a contract. And the age-old Pygmalion treatment began.

Miss Aubrey, the daughter of a Fulham lampfitter with no previous acting experience, was going to become a star.

Mr Allen had said so. Slowly, at first, the star-making machinery went into action. Drama lessons. Voice production. Singing. Lesson. Dieting. Mainly dieting.

Today, Miss Aubrey, aged 22, is a smooth and sexy blonde of 9st. something. Fulham has been eradicated from her personality. She lives in a flat, tastefully furnished in the Montagu Square, and she has her own bank to keep her money.



And now she is to be rewarded with her first starring role—in a film called *Confession*.

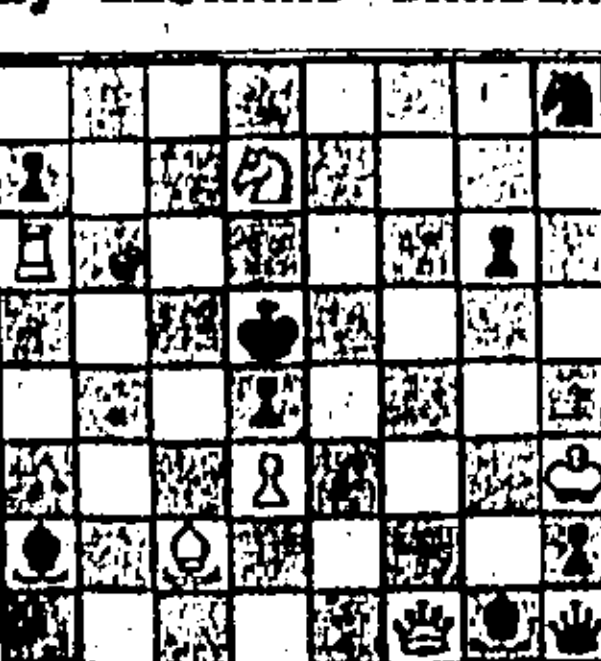
"I eat steaks and salads and plain cooked meat," she told me with the air of a stolid disciplinarian. "I can't drink. It's fattening. I work all the time. When I'm not filming I have lessons."

"I don't go out much. I haven't any serious boy friends. I don't meet anyone except actors. You can't get serious interested in actors."

"Yes, perhaps life is a bit dull. But I'm worth it. Already."

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem specially contributed by S. L. Baxter (Chester). White to play and mate in two moves. ... RxB. Solution No. 587: 1. QxR (2. RxB. 3. RxB. 4. RxB. 5. RxB. 6. RxB. 7. RxB. 8. RxB. 9. RxB. 10. RxB. 11. RxB. 12. RxB. 13. RxB. 14. RxB. 15. RxB. 16. RxB. 17. RxB. 18. RxB. 19. RxB. 20. RxB. 21. RxB. 22. RxB. 23. RxB. 24. RxB. 25. RxB. 26. RxB. 27. RxB. 28. RxB. 29. RxB. 30. RxB. 31. RxB. 32. RxB. 33. RxB. 34. RxB. 35. RxB. 36. RxB. 37. RxB. 38. RxB. 39. RxB. 40. RxB. 41. RxB. 42. RxB. 43. RxB. 44. RxB. 45. RxB. 46. RxB. 47. RxB. 48. RxB. 49. RxB. 50. RxB. 51. RxB. 52. RxB. 53. RxB. 54. RxB. 55. RxB. 56. RxB. 57. RxB. 58. RxB. 59. RxB. 60. RxB. 61. RxB. 62. RxB. 63. RxB. 64. RxB. 65. RxB. 66. RxB. 67. RxB. 68. RxB. 69. RxB. 70. RxB. 71. RxB. 72. RxB. 73. RxB. 74. RxB. 75. RxB. 76. RxB. 77. RxB. 78. RxB. 79. RxB. 80. RxB. 81. RxB. 82. RxB. 83. RxB. 84. RxB. 85. RxB. 86. RxB. 87. RxB. 88. RxB. 89. RxB. 90. RxB. 91. RxB. 92. RxB. 93. RxB. 94. RxB. 95. RxB. 96. RxB. 97. RxB. 98. 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NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MILLAR

IF YOU DON'T FANCY GIN WITHOUT THE FRENCH

A SCANDINAVIAN film actress of predatory aspect confessed recently to one of my colleagues in New York: "I have two passions. Gin and the French."

To which he replied, "Then your only other need must be ice."

For, like me, he dislikes gin separately, or sharp vermouth, yet is not averse to them in unison, proportioned nine to one, very cold.

However, I learned in a new autobiography, **DON'T TYPE IN BED**, by Peggy Warner (Angus & Robertson, 25s.), of another use for this colourless and sickly alcohol. It can help to make an excellent Japanese dish called Sukiyaki.

Off aim

Melt a knob of butter in a frying-pan. (Mrs Warner says fat, but I don't agree.) Throw in some ringed leeks and onions, gently brown in a little sugar. Just show the pan's heat to each side of minute steaks, then add mushrooms, a good dollop of soy sauce and a lot of gin. Further, Mrs Warner suggests, steaks or chops are good

it marinated in soy and gin before grilling. Being conscientious critic, I tested her gin recipes. Excellent.

Apart from this useful information, Mrs Warner tries to show that being the wife of a busy foreign correspondent makes one into "a special brand of woman... slightly schizophrenic." She does not succeed.

UPLIFT

THE DARKNESS OUT- RIDE, by George Johnston (Collins, 12s.).

ON the island of Hydra, where white windmills offer their roller-reefed sails to the fierce north winds of the Aegean, lives George Johnston, now 46, who

can write like the Ukrainian-born T. J. K. Korzeniewski, known to us and loved as Joseph Conrad.

Mr Johnston's new novel is about a party of archaeologists doing a dig on the banks of the Tigris. Their tented village is isolated in a dusty wilderness.

The splendid leader, Professor Purcell, has been digging there for three years to establish his belief in a Sumerian civilisation, wiped out thousands of years ago. Purcell himself saves the life of an old stranger, an Englishman who has wandered scotch-brained into the desert.

From his sickbed the Englishman spreads insidious poison. He raves that Europe has been destroyed by atomic disaster or plague and that the borders of China are on the march, slaughtering. One of Purcell's

team, the pompous German Steindorf, is dismayed as are the two American women.

Thanks to Steindorf's fear, spying, and meddling, all the native workmen desert after murdering their beak-faced foreman. In these dangerous circumstances Purcell makes his big discovery—gold doors, underground chambers, fettered skeletons. The impact is shattering.

He is able to safeguard his crowning discovery, but he dies. Only two of the party are saved. They are all, even Steindorf, worth saving, and if the end is sad it is uplifting.

Mr Johnston's writing is packed with imagery. His gentle fingers claw into tortured minds, and the pace is lively. How fresh and vital it is. Much the best book of the week.

GUSTO

LIFE IN KOR LIVING, by Elizabeth Stueley (Hend, 12s.).

A WELL-BORN product of a Devon, full of devil and energy, Miss Stueley describes her exiles, physically—

"Six feet tall, broad in proportion... the sort of figure that cried out for a dressing-gown falling off one shoulder and a tame lamb." In these memoirs she romps through the best years of her life in France with those British

charmers-in-uniform, the M.T.C. Then the blitz, when she worked for Lady Kemmley, and later the Board of Trade.

Her gusto and undeniable humour are rather wasted by lack of plan and economy.

HONESTY

ONE MAN'S ISLAND, by Elizabeth Ashe (Longmans, 12s.).

IF Mr Johnston is Conrad pure, Miss Ashe is Somerset Maugham without the crisp acid touch, the remorseless dissection of women that pays off so well.

Stanford, a poor Englishman, lives pleasantly on an island in the Indian Ocean. His love affair with a visiting Englishwoman is clean and real.

I liked the flavour of this book, its serenity, its honesty. Elizabeth Ashe is a pseudonym. The island and the main characters are surely based on firm reality.

QUICK FLIPS

THE SCULPTURE OF THE PARTHENON, by P. E. Corbett (Penguin, 3s.). A lovely little book. Fairly lively, to my mind the subtle Parthenon is the Wonder of the World.

THE HOT HALF HOUR, by Robert L. Foreman (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.). About an American TV quiz programme and its sponsors. Foul but readable.

(London Express Service.)

JAMES THURBER writes his best yet—about the man who made him and disliked his dogs!

NEXT time you see a humorous weekly magazine called The New Yorker give a thought to a man with a knitting needle, Harold Wallace Ross. The New Yorker was his creation, his love, his Frankenstein, his life.

He died in 1951, aged 59. If there be freedom in the spirit world a disembodied Ross prowls the office he founded in 1925, growling as he scans next week's copy, "Unclear, unclear, writing fancy, cliché, hated words like 'little' and 'pretty', scrutinising funny drawings for—doubtless unintended—phallic symbols."

Ross demanded humour that was clear, concise, and clean. Yet he could only talk in a stream of profanity.

BAFFLING

He seemed impenetrably un-humorous. He rarely laughed, but sometimes throw back his strange Colorado head and sounded a barking guffaw.

Judging by my own reactions, he would have barked his way through THE YEARS WITH ROSS, by James Thurber, published by Hamish Hamilton.

Mr Thurber went to work for Ross as a writer when The New Yorker was two years old, and losing money.

Thurber had always doodled dogs on loose bits of paper and never thought anything of them. Ross NEVER thought anything of them, and was baffled by their popularity in America.

"How the hell did you get the idea you could DRAW?" he asked Thurber. But his opinion of all artists except one was low. "Artists stay home at night drinking soft drinks in cold sitting-rooms. They can't ride on trains, or drive after dark, or eat clams."

The exception, Curtis Arnoux Peters, who, fresh from Yale but with a New York job as a pianist, entered the office in gym shoes with a sheaf of drawings.

These, signed Peter Arno, helped to lift him and Ross up the nursery slopes of prosperity and into the success funicular.

A GAMBLE

Ross liked gambling, and it cost him plenty. He was so shy that he dreaded meeting his own employees in the corridors, and he was—"Never leave me alone with poets"—the reverse of an aesthete.

Apart from Rebecca West and Janet Flanner he tended to dislike women journalists. He used his white knitting needle as a pointer. Before he took to it he mused up many drawings with a thick editorial pencil. His function, as in that of all good editors, was a ruthless drive for accuracy, ideas, clarity. The writer of one profile found 144 queries from Ross in the margins of his proofs.

EFFICIENCY

Fascinating reading. Even Mr Thurber has never written better—no loved his odd editor—nor with surer touch. One is left with the impression that but for Ross's efforts The New Yorker would never have been. And that that quality of discipline, of efficiency in the magazine, which repels some readers, may also have emanated from him.

At least he has a tombstone that turns down a quarter-million dollars' worth of ads. a year.

MAMMOTH

SOME CAME RUNNING BY JAMES FONES COLLINS, 21s.

PARKMAN, a town on a hilltop in the Illinois prairie, is still expanding, after the wartime boom. Dave Hirsch, demobbed, gets home with a nest-pot of poker winnings. His brother Frank owns Parkman's main jewellery shop, has big financial ambitions and only secretly plots his record with resources to sex and the bottle.

Dave, a writer and a gambler, refuses to be outwardly respectable. The brothers rasp on each other like a file on case-hardened steel. Dave takes up with Hama Diller, a gambler.

Diller, tall, thin, awaybacked, with a small hanging pouch, is sinister yet attractive. The rate

him one of the best characters in modern American fiction. Dave of course seeks love. He loves a woman who, at 35, is pure, and afraid of men, an attitude he cannot understand. Their meetings add piquancy to a book that introduces Dave and Frank to a horde of women, some interesting, some grand, some horrible.

It is a mammoth novel, with 75 chapters, 920 pages, of close print. Yet it does not sprawl. With this third book Mr Jones adds to his reputation. It remains to be seen if he will survive success.

OLD MASTER PLAYS ON

A FEW QUICK ONES BY F. G. WOODHOUSE HERBERT JENKINS, 12s. 6d.

NOTHING about this newest Woodhouse volume of short stories betrays it as the work of an elderly gent, yet the author is 77.

Ten stories introduce again Jeeves, Bertie Wooster, Mr Mulliner, Boy Prosser, Freddie Widgeon, the Angles's Rest, and the Drones Club.

I particularly liked the noted golfer John Rockett, who has three sons, Sandwich, Hoylake, and St Andrew. Rockett and two daughters, Troon and Prestwick Rockett.

Writing of this quality spoils one for almost anything else.

GOT A YACHT?

BISCAY HARBOURS AND ANCHORAGES BY R. ADLARD COLES COLES-HARRAP, 46s.

ARE you British? Do you call yourself a man? Your roads are fissioned with traffic. Helicopter travel is unaccountably slow in developing. Everywhere? No, not at sea.

If this book lacks the warmth of older jungle and forest books by Hudson, Bates, and such, it is better written than any of them, and invariably interesting. The last chapter on the Nile, should be omitted.

The sea and the wind are free. I have been buying myself yachts since the war. My economies are phenomenal. I live on one now. No rent, no bills.

Think of Drake, Cook, and Nelson. Take a deep breath and buy a seaworthy yacht. You will want to know where you are going, and the stock method is to use Admiralty charts and sailing directions, but such is the press of British yachtsmen all through the summer across the water that we now have further literature.

Lieut.-Colonel H. G. ("Blondie") Hasler a distinguished war-time Royal Marine has provided an excellent guide to harbours and anchorages on the north coast of France.

Now Mr Adlard Coles, one of our most able and modest yachtsmen, is doing the same for the west coast. This volume describes it with many photographs and charts from the Chennal du Four to Lorient.

Have a look at this book. If your blood does not stir, you had better go to a doctor.

JUNGLE BOOK

NO ROOM IN THE ARK BY ALAN MOOREHEAD HAMISH HAMILTON, 21s.

SAFARIS motorised, white hunters too, even the slave trade. Cars, cars, cars, even in Africa. Mr Moorehead, however, is not out to boast of his own comfortable travels, but to

aid in the telling to present the behaviour and beauties of wild animals and tribes observed during his African journey.

His clean, deadpan prose and absorptive mind make him the best of guides. If this book lacks the warmth of older jungle and forest books by Hudson, Bates, and such, it is better written than any of them, and invariably interesting. The last chapter on the Nile, should be omitted.

(London Express Service.)

THE MAGIC OF NORTHCLIFFE—IN THINGS HE SAID Why draw policemen thin?

TO THE EDITOR OF ANSWERS: "Why do you allow your artists to draw thin policemen? Surely you are aware that the public prefers its police to be fat and kindly."

"I do not like luncheon engagements. I do not find that anything happens as a result of them."

"Some of these gentlemen (public school masters) might inquire why it is that one can go through British Colonies and find hundreds of their pupils occupying menial positions, and why men with businesses such as I have, while straining every nerve to use public school boys, rarely find more than 10 per cent of them 'any good'."

One of his rare appearances in the Daily Mirror office he noted with dissatisfaction that the reporters were "unsuitably dressed." He gave an instruction that any man applying for a salary increase should receive it only on condition that he undertook to buy a new suit.

To the writer of a pamphlet for Americans: "Explaining the British" (1918): "All that cricket reference is nonsense. The national game of Great Britain is Association Football. Cricket was nearly dead before the war."

To the Editor of The Times (February 1919): "Your writer is mistaken in supposing

that strikes are against the State stop Strikes are against years of ill-treatment by bad employers especially during war period."

"I will see as few people as possible, write as few letters as possible, do no work after 9 p.m., and start the day at 6.30 a.m."

TO the vice-president of the National Union of Journalists (1917): "I am one of the few newspaper owners who have been through the mill of reporting, sub-editing, and editing, and I have very vivid and resentful recollections of underpaid work for overpaid millionaires."

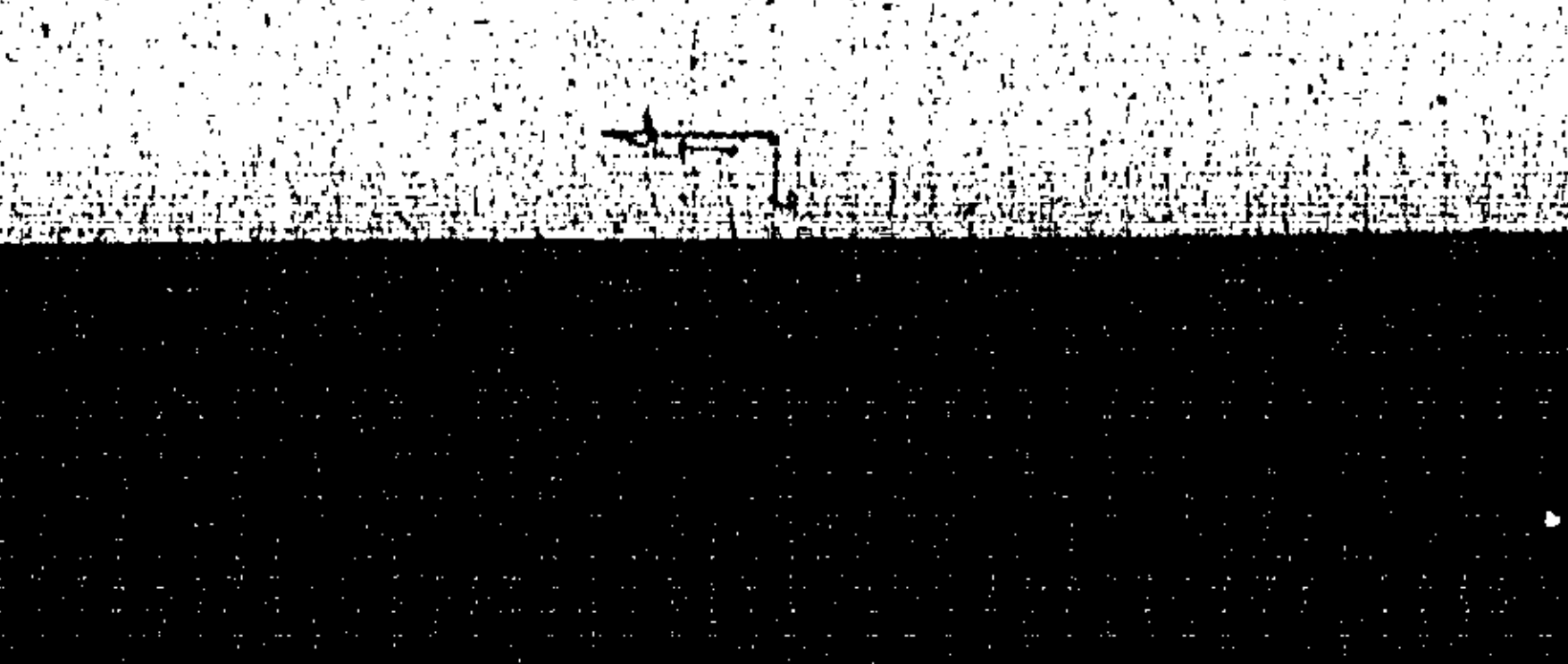
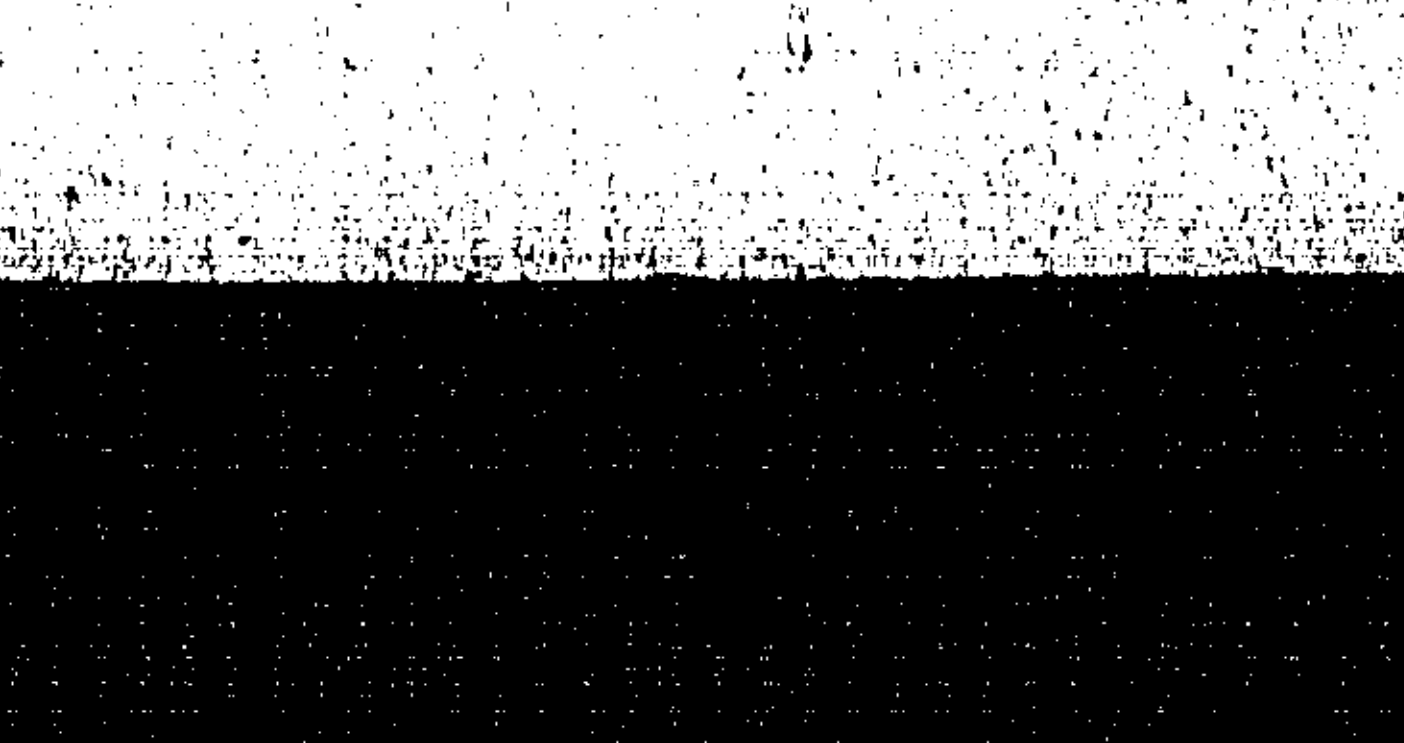
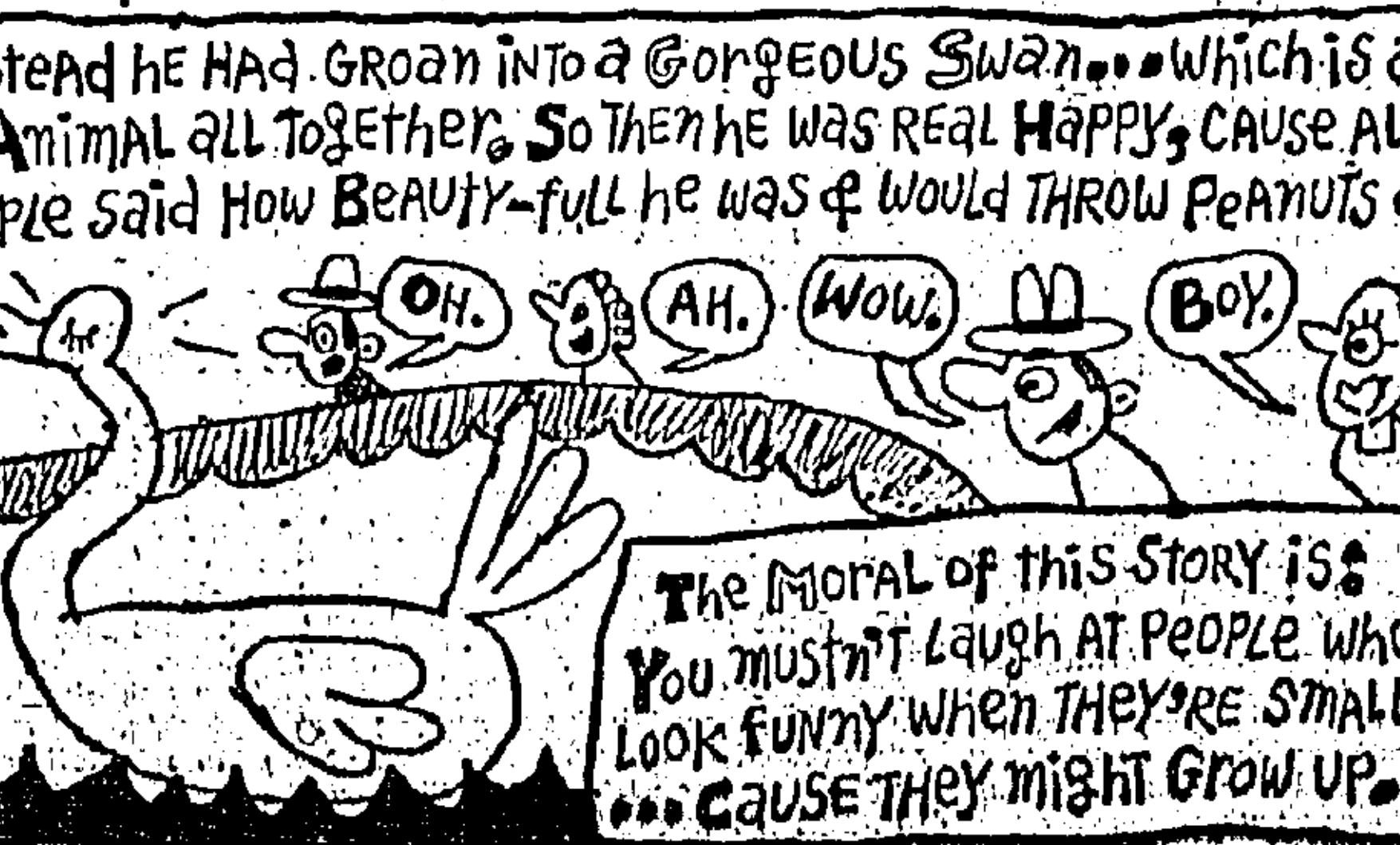
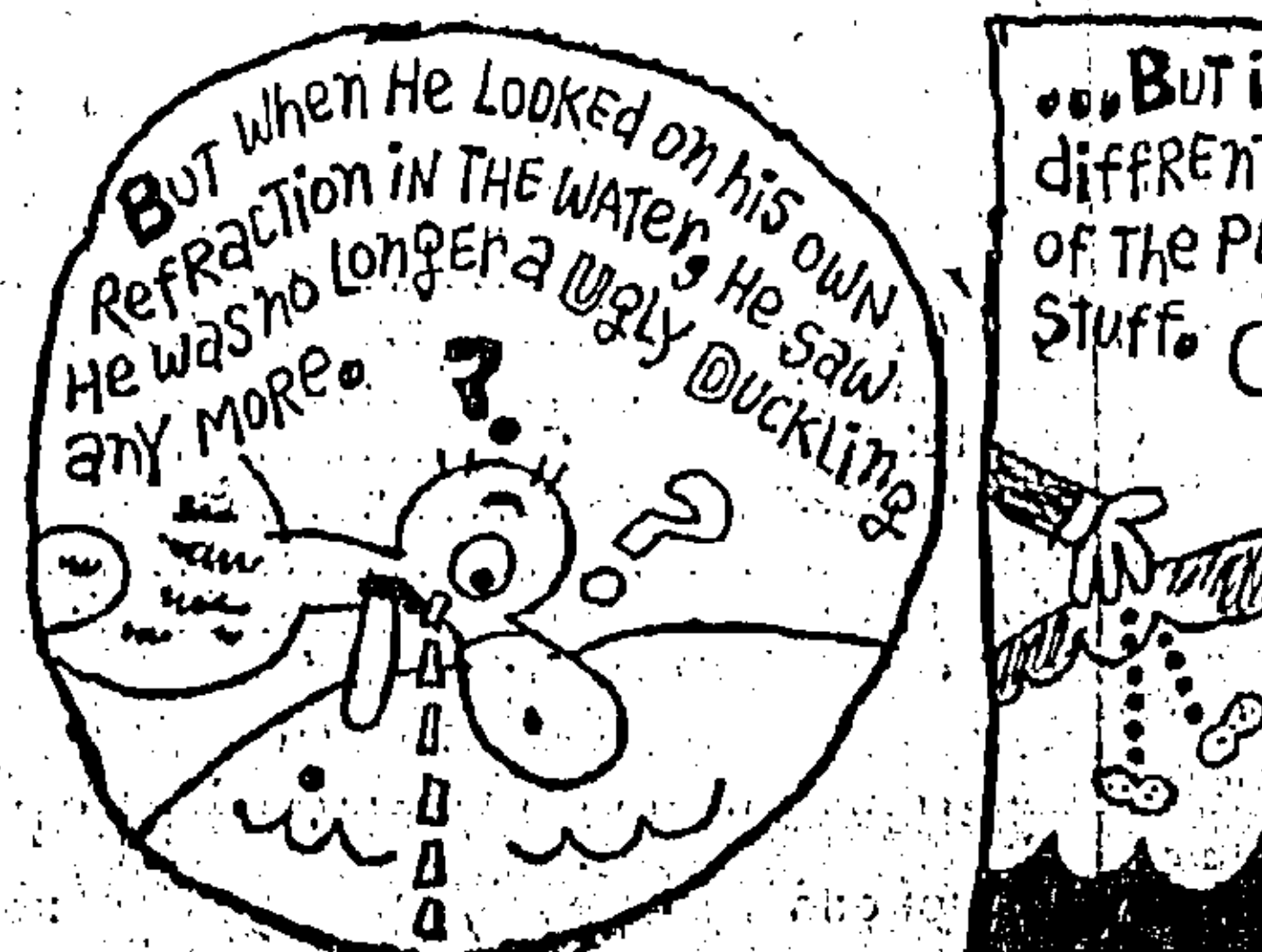
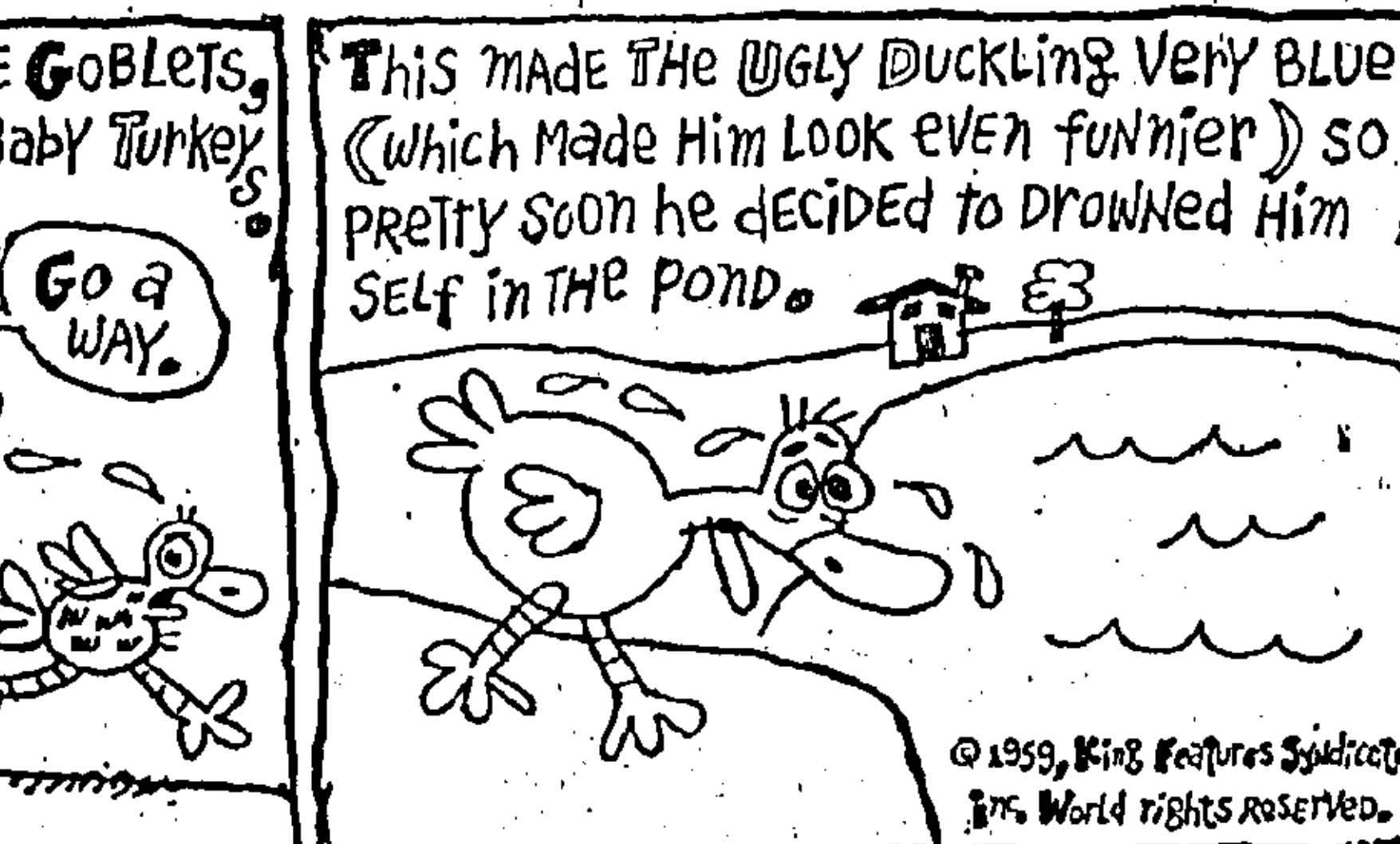
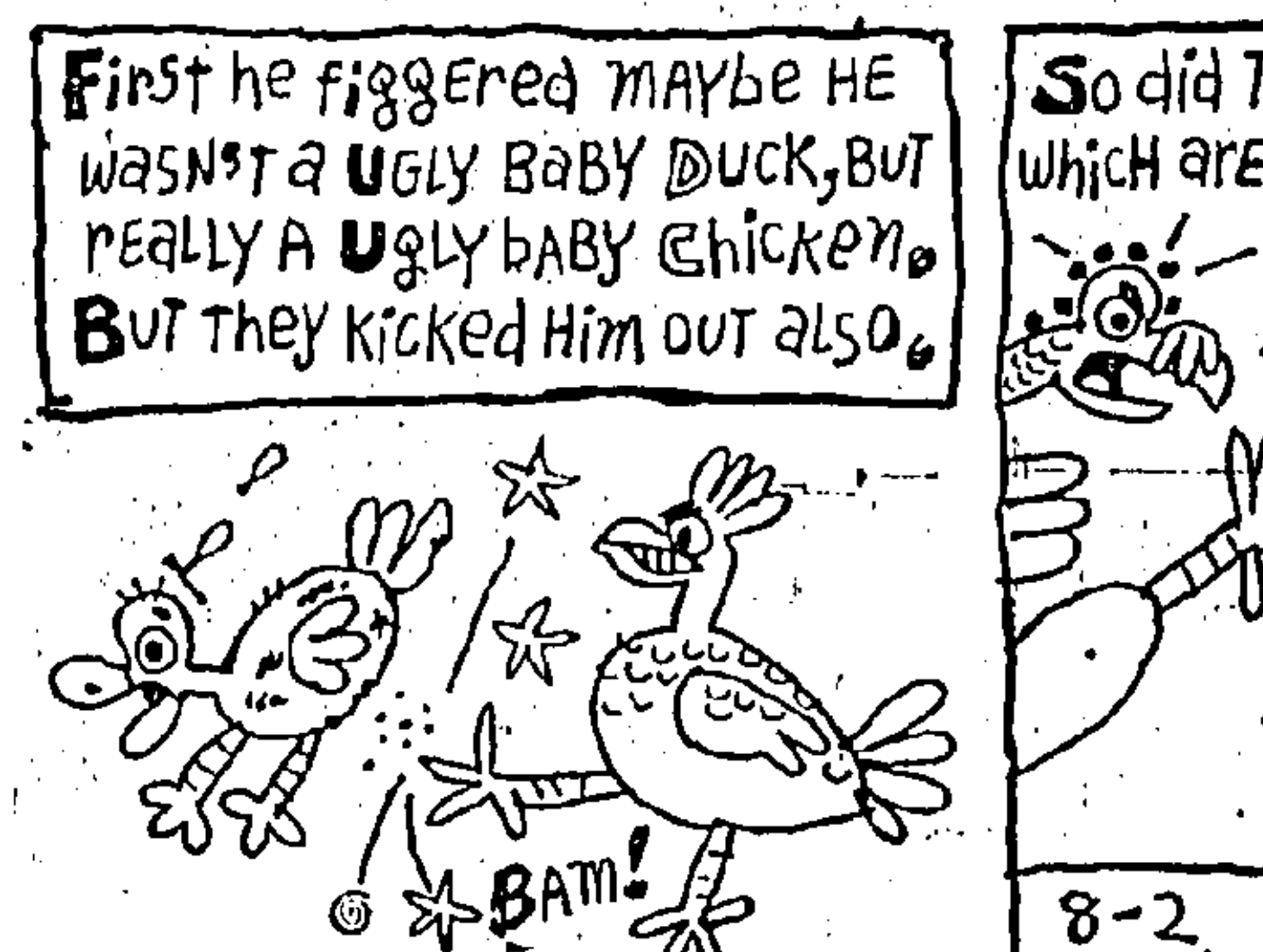
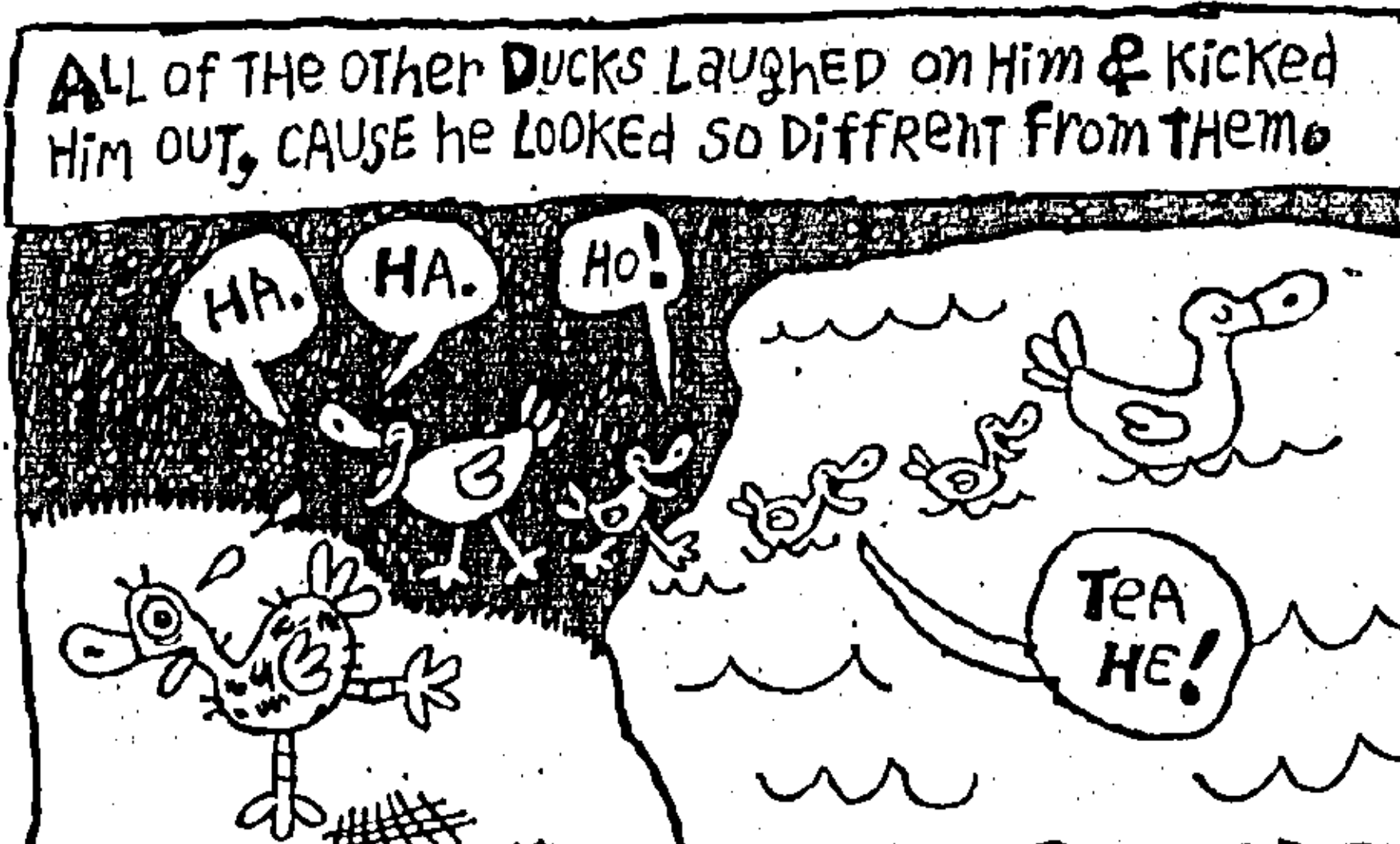
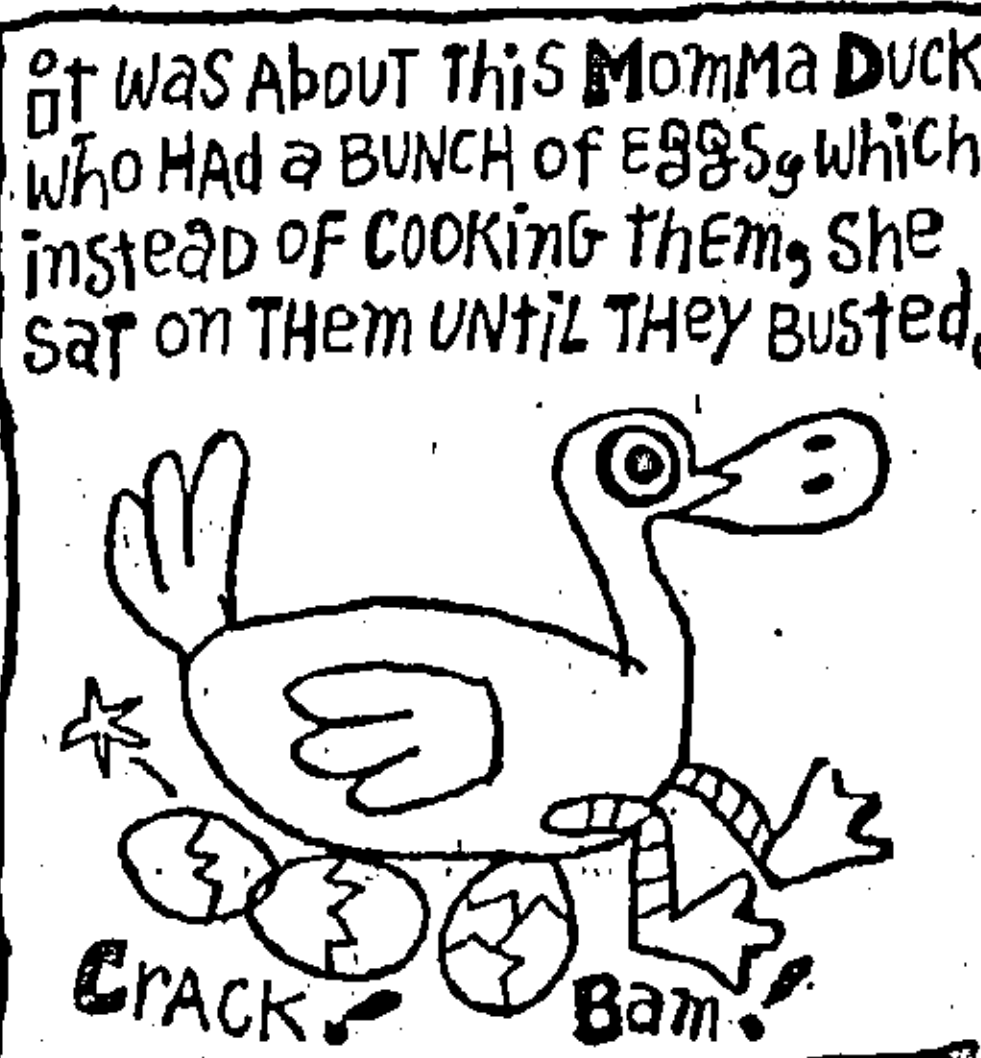
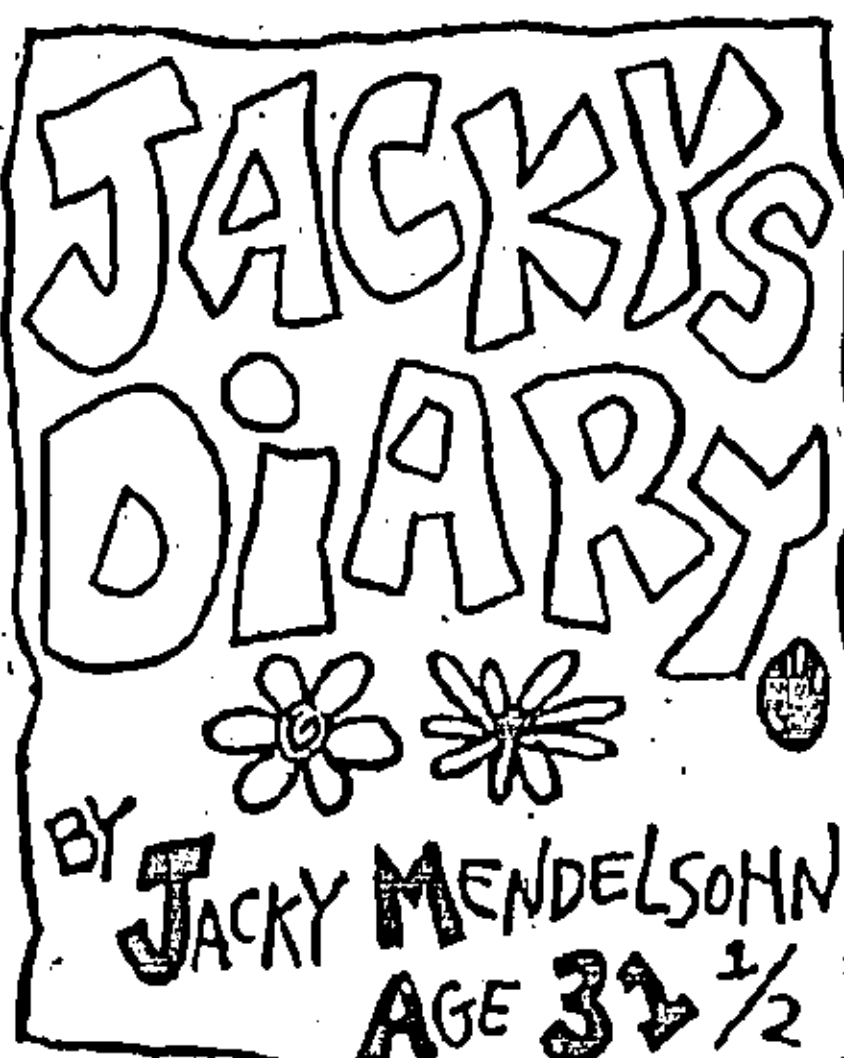
"I cannot accept Mr Churchill's view that Labour is incapable of governing. It could not govern worse than he does."

"Politicians and newspapers and financiers and newspapers are best kept apart."

"BUSINESSMEN are a very old rapidly. I make a rule never to bring anyone from outside over the age of 25."

"YES, journalism is a great game—and the stakes are human liberty."

(London Express Service.)



The China Mail Presents A New Sports Series SPORT MADE THEIR FORTUNE

The "Peerless Pumper" Once Stole A Carrot For Food

By JOHN MELVIN

John Eric Longden once stole a carrot as his food supply for three days. Today, jockey Longden at 4 ft. 11 ins. is the smallest millionaire in the world.

He owns a 500-acre Nevada cattle ranch, a breeding farm in California, motels, a golf course and restaurant; has extensive investments in newspapers, Canadian ranches, oil and natural gas. His home is a \$75,000 ranch house with swimming pool in Arcadia, California.

But Longden had to serve his apprenticeship to fortune as a hobo, cigar-seller, printer's devil, cowboy, fairground Roman-rider and a 12 cents-an-hour coalminer.

He made his first million out of 13 Red Indians. Wherever possible, Longden worked with horses, and during this time he studied the art of riding. Longden has ridden in more than 30,000 races, finished first well over 5,300 times—a record likely to stand forever. Over the past two decades, he has averaged more than a million dollars a year in winnings, of which he collected the ten per cent jockey fee.

Once, the fabulous Johnny Longden won half-a-million dollars in one 55-day meeting at Santa Anita. He cut worked out at \$1,000 a day.

No sportsman has turned his art into such big business. Longden has had to employ a manager, valet, agent, dietician, secretary, private plane pilot and part-time bodyguard. And now he bestrides a financial empire founded on the millions he has made from horse-racing.

Backbone Fractured

Longden has earned every cent of it. His frail 104-pound body bears the scars of a hundred stitches; his backbone has been fractured; he has broken both legs, both arms, both collarbones, both feet and nearly all his ribs. It is a miracle that he is still alive.

For years doctors have wondered how the budding jockey, who has the organic flabbiness of a middle-aged man, needs glasses; he has lost most of his teeth. After near-fatal falls he has again, year after year, doctors warned him that one bad spill would kill him.

Yet Longden stuck to his superhuman schedule, forcing himself into the saddle five or six times a day.

First he wanted to become the first American jockey to ride 3,000 winners. That he achieved, he wanted to beat his Gordon Richards' world record of 4,870 winners. And after that he had to pass the 5,000 mark.

No one—friends, relatives, doctors—could persuade him to quit. After one fall he was paralysed from the waist down for three weeks; after another he was unconscious for a fortnight. But he kept on riding, travelling as much as 25,000 miles in two months.

'A Way Of Life'

Millionaire Longden explains: "Hobbling is much more than a living to me. It is a way of life. And you hate to quit when you're on top, especially when you've had a long hard ride getting there."

And no sportsman had a tougher ride to the top than Longden. Until the age of 22, he never had as much as \$100 at a time. Often he was starving and homeless.

Johnny Longden was born at Alverthorpe, Wiltshire, about the year 1910. No one is certain of his age. The Methuselah of the turf claims to be 48; friends calculate that he cannot be a day under 54. He looks nearer 60.

His father, Herbert Longden, was a coalminer. At 9½ in tall, with the strength of a giant, he took his family to Canada when son John was two years old and went to work in the mines of Alberta.

At 14, Longden junior was breaking coal-truck wheels hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface. For two years he worked ten hours daily for a dollar-and-a-quarter a day. He was lucky to get one square meal a week.

At 16, he left the mines and rounded the country in search of work. He slept in the open, rode the roads, begged handouts. Once he drifted into Montana and spent the summer living in a tent with a family

First Winner

But jobs as a jockey were hard to find and even harder to keep. In 1927 Longden rode his first winner. The following year his boss swapped the future world champion for a second-rate horse.

Longden's contract fell into the hands of two bookies who planned to fix his races. So he jumped a freight train to Vancouver and found work as a Roman-rider in the fairgrounds.

It wasn't easy for short-legged Longden to stand astride two galloping horses. But he won a number of races, and twice broke a leg—in the process.

The year 1930 saw Longden penniless, on crutches, and with a wife and a newly-born son to support. His family had to rely on friends for food and a roof over their heads.

But the stubborn little Yorkshireman still dreamed of a life in the saddle. He drifted to Mexico, then back to Canada, in search of his first important stake, the Canadian Derby.

The future looked bright until he fell in a race and narrowly missed being trampled to death as the field thundered past him. He suffered severe shock and his friends advised him to go back to the mines.

Instead, Longden chose to take one last gamble which would make or break him as a jockey. With the last of his savings he bought a horse called "Treasure" and, staked \$75 on it to win at 15-1. He trailed for half a mile in the most crucial race of his life; then Treasure, a good stayer, pulled up in the mud to win by an inch.

Turning Point

It was the turning point in Longden's career. He collected \$1,500 from the race; a week later he won a \$10,000 stake. After that he moved steadily towards the top-earning bracket.

By 1934 Johnny Longden had hit the big time. In 1930 he rode 212 winners; in 1933 he was top American jockey with 230 winners. In 1943 he won the triple crown—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes—on Court Fleet ("the best horse I ever rode").

As early as 1948 Longden was being described as "the old man on horseback." But in 1948 he became the first jockey in American racing history to ride 3,000 winners. In 1952 he became the second jockey ever to ride 4,000 winners. In 1957 he rode his 5,000th winner at Santa Anita, California.

Longden has become a legend in his own lifetime.

How has he achieved such a fantastic total of victories? Longden gives the answer in one word: "Determination." I would choose a stronger word: GUTS. If he had not been turned down by the U.S. Army because of his size, Longden would have started as a coal-miner for the Purple Heart.

Longden, alias "The Slicker," alias "The Pumper," is the toughest rider the world has seen since this horse-racing business started in Arabia some 4,000 years ago.

He has one foot maimed from a crushing injury in 1927 at Jamaica, New York. The day after the injury he climbed into the saddle, and full of pain-killing drugs, rode First Fiddle to victory in the \$25,000 Butler Handicap.

Once, at Whittier Park, Winnipeg, he was thrown three times in a day. He got up to win the remaining four races on the card.

In 1956, at Hollywood Park, the mercurial Longden was thrown by Tribal Chief. He landed with one foot on top of the rail, took a split-second jump, and, to the astonishment of 35,000 fans, sprang back into the saddle. He rained a place.

Brains And Skill

But guts alone never made an immortal sportsman. Longden has the brains and skill to match. He knows every trick of the trade; he is one of the greatest exponents of the acrobatic, one-atrump-shorter-than-the-other style. He is amazingly alert at the starting post, has a strong whipping hand and a genius for bringing out the best in his mount at the finish, using a pumping action with legs, arms and hands. That is why he will always be known as the "Peerless Pumper."

With such skill and determination, Longden has ridden as many as 65 winners in 20 days. He has dominated meetings to such an extent that bookies have refused to take bets on him.

His quick-thinking in the saddle was well illustrated when he rode Arrogante to a photo-finish victory in the Del Mar Handicap. A split second before the finish, Longden tapped his leg under the chin and the horse's head showed up an inch in front of his rival's mount, Honey's Alibi. That old trick gave him his 4871st victory—an all-time world record.

"The Pumper" has had a number of suspensions for over-vigorous riding. But no one has ever been able to accuse him of not trying to win. Longden never judges a race to be lost until it is finished.

The Greatest?

It is impossible to judge whether Longden is the greatest jockey of all time, greater, that is, than Sir Gordon Richards. Conditions are different in the United States. Seasons are longer and a race meeting can last more than 60 days, thus cutting down time spent on travelling.

But Longden is certainly the most successful. He has always invested his money shrewdly and he lives today in a fabulous home with his attractive, blonde wife, Hazel. They have two children, and a son, Vance, by Longden's previous marriage.

The pint-sized, deadpan Longden bears no resemblance now to the underfed coalminer of pre-racing days. He wears a \$2,000 diamond-encrusted watch, has colour television in his bedroom.

The Pumper has earned a life of luxury. But he readily admits that he has had more than his share of luck. In particular, he remembers his fantastic escape at Hollywood Park, in 1955, when another horse knocked his feet loose from the stirrups.

Longden was sliding down into a flurry of hooves; a patrol judge was already ringing for the ambulance. Then the jockeys on either side grabbed him and hauled him back into the saddle.

By the time he was firmly seated, he was very behind the field. Yet the incredible, never-say-die Johnny Longden, nicknamed the "Pumper," won by three lengths.

Cross-Country Golf Record



Britain won another world record recently—for long-distance golf—when professional Charlie Macey of Crowborough, Sussex, led a five-strong team in playing a ball from the first tee of his home course to the 18th hole at Eastbourne, 37 miles away. Eastbourne's president, Major Cyril Toller, had the honour of sinking the last putt (a three-putter) at 0.42 p.m., 10½ hours after Macey had driven off at dawn, to match the record, previously held at 30½ miles by America. They played the hole across streams, over barbed wire, down high streets, over a level crossing. Their victory, however, wasn't perfect—they were down in 890, the Americans had only taken 780. Photo shows 16-year-old John Bailey driving across a field during the marathon hole. Others, from left to right are: Charlie Macey (with a surveyor's measuring wheel), David Wilde (14 and scorer), Kevin Mcaney (15) Jock Donald and Fred Crittall.—London Express Photo.

HENRY LONGHURST on GOLF

UNLAP GRIPPER

I was interested to note the victory of Bob Rosburg, who has not been seen in Britain yet, in the championship of the American Professional Golfers Association.

Last year he won the Vardon Trophy with an average of 70.11 without winning a single tournament, which seems incredible—like averaging the same number at cricket with out ever scoring a century—and this year he was nosed out of first place by a single stroke in the U.S. Open.

In a style of writing much favoured on the other side, Rosburg is described as "today's gripper from Palo Alto, California," and herein lies the clue to the special interest in his victory.

The Popular Grip

All good golf books—including mine, which was written with innocent confidence years ago and contains, I add with a hollow mocking laugh, a chapter on How To Cure A Slice—starts with a chapter on The Grip, and nearly all come down in favour of the overlapping variety known as the Vardon grip, though the great man did not in fact invent it.

The unusual alternative is the interlocking, favoured among others by Gene Sarazen, with the little finger of the right hand written round and under the forefinger of the left.

A bad third is the simple straightforward variety which everyone instinctively adopts as a beginner, catching hold of the club in the ordinary way with every finger of both hands. This was used to great effect by those great hitters, Abe Mitchell and Cyril Toller. But it has never been really fashionable, largely, I suspect, because it is so simple that it might be thought incapable of mastering either of the others.

Now I seem to sense a return to popularity of this simple "unlap" or, as it is sometimes called, baseball grip.

'Unlap' Exponents

Del Rees gets along very well with it. Henry Cotton uses it nowadays more often than not and recommends those who are not as young as they were to return to it. Now not only the American professional champion uses it but so also does Art Wall, who in the two years since we last saw him playing inconspicuously in the Ryder Cup match at Lindrick, has won the Masters Tournament and become the biggest money winner in the United States.

Golf is complicated enough as it is and perhaps the answer is that we could all with advantage set about unlapping or unhooking ourselves.

In the recent past I have been making surreptitious experiments with this "sensational development" and have become completely convinced that in what might in all fairness be christened the Portmarnock method my correspondent has "got something."

My own performance has certainly improved but what has really impressed me is the undoubted negative advantage of this method in that it really does prevent the grosser forms of idiosyncrasy, to which so many of us are prone, on the putting green.

He recalled a piece I had written some time ago about some children doing fantastic scores, unmatchable by practised adults, on our clock golf course. This set him thinking that he had seen a sure thing at a fête near Portmarnock.

After puzzling for several months he hit upon the solution. Not only the children whom I had mentioned, but also the old lady with the elastic-sided boots, who always does, as an untalented golfer always does, with the hands several inches apart on the handle.

"Everything now falls into place," he says. "Your children, the old lady, my own vast improvement since I changed over (it takes a month or two) and finally the success of the mallet-

putters. Any success achieved by these diabolical weapons is due, in my opinion, not to their shape but simply to the fact that their users hold them with their hands well apart."

The staff at the joint London offices of the Amateur Athletic Association and British Amateur Athletic Board have been instructed not to answer phone calls from the 31-year-old Guy's Hospital administrator, who ran for Britain in the last two Olympics.

Two weeks ago bespectacled Hildreth normally soft-spoken and mild-mannered, was involved in a bitter row on the phone with British Board secretary Jack Crump. "I rang him to express my disappointment at being left out of the British team to test Russia and Finland. I felt I'd had a raw deal, explains Hildreth.

"Last week I received a letter from Mr Crump," Hildreth wrote: "Dear Hildreth: Following our telephone conversation earlier this week, I have given instructions at the AAA and BAAB offices that any inquiry from you is not to be dealt with on the telephone, but you are to be anticipated to send in any request for information to my office addressed to either Mr

Clynes or myself in writing. Yours very truly," Hildreth's comment: "To what abyss can the official mind sink?"

As chairman of the Athletes' Club, Hildreth has been in almost constant dispute with authority in recent months, including the current row over chief national coach Geoff Dyson, who is also not going on the Moscow trip.

An injured back reduced Hildreth to the also-ran in the AAA championships. Now he is better.

A week before selection of the team for Russia, Hildreth phoned team manager and selector Les Truett to point out that Chris Hildreth was running in Belfast on August 15, and ask if he would be considered for Moscow on the strength of it. "Truett promised I would," says Hildreth. "However, the team was announced on the day of the race.

"In the evening, I returned 14.2 secs, a best-ever British performance. I heard nothing on the telephone, but you can see that I was not in the team. I was disappointed, but I was wind-assisted, which is true.

On Grass

"So I asked if the selectors would consider my race at Walthamstow last week. Again, I was promised they would. "This time I did 14.5 secs against the wind and on grass. Again, it was ignored." Later, I was told that Hildreth turned in yet another 14.5 secs, without even using starting blocks.

England left behind not only her No. 1 coach, but also her best hurdler when the British athletes set off on this prestige tour on Thursday.

By Gog

In Germany they say "bier"

In Hong Kong they say Carlsberg

Lawn Bowls League Officially Ends This Afternoon

By ROBERT TAY

With the exception of four postponed matches, the Colony lawn bowls league comes to its close with today's programme.

Already decided are the first and second division titles, which were won by Indian Recreation Club "A" and Hongkong Football Club, respectively, last Saturday.

Kowloon Dock Club are already sure of the first division runner-up position, and Indian Recreation "B" are left now with no choice but to go down to the second division next year.

The remaining matches will be fought out to decide the third division champions and runners-up and the team which is to be relegated from the second to the third division.

Close Finish

The race for the third division title is now reaching a close and exciting finish with three teams fighting it out neck to neck. Hongkong Football Club play off their last match this afternoon against Stanley Club on their home green.

The Football Club twelve will undoubtedly go all out to take full points from this match to consolidate their position at the top of the league table, but fourth-placed Stanley Club are not a team to beat easily. A closely-fought out game is expected, with the footballers favoured for a 4-1 win.

Hongkong Electric Club, who are standing third at the moment, four points behind the Football Club have three more matches to go and mathematically stand the best chance of winning the title.

Full Points For IRC?

Today's second division games will decide the team to be relegated next year. This will be either KCC or PRC "B", depending on the results of their games today. At the moment, PRC "B" are right at the bottom with 20½ points, and seem unlikely to get out of that place, as their opponents will be second-placed Crispinover. KCC, who are only 2½ points ahead, will, however, also have strong opponents in USRC but may just be able to escape relegation.

ENGLISH HURDLER 'SENT TO COVENTRY' AFTER RAW DEAL PROTEST

By HARRY CARPENTER

London. Hurdler Peter Hildreth, Britain's senior international athlete, and chairman of the progressive International Athletes' Club, has been "sent to Coventry" by officialdom.

The staff at the joint London offices of the Amateur Athletic Association and British Amateur Athletic Board have been instructed not to answer phone calls from the 31-year-old Guy's Hospital administrator, who ran for Britain in the last two Olympics.

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In Germany they say "bier"

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POP—Nosey Parker



WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL?



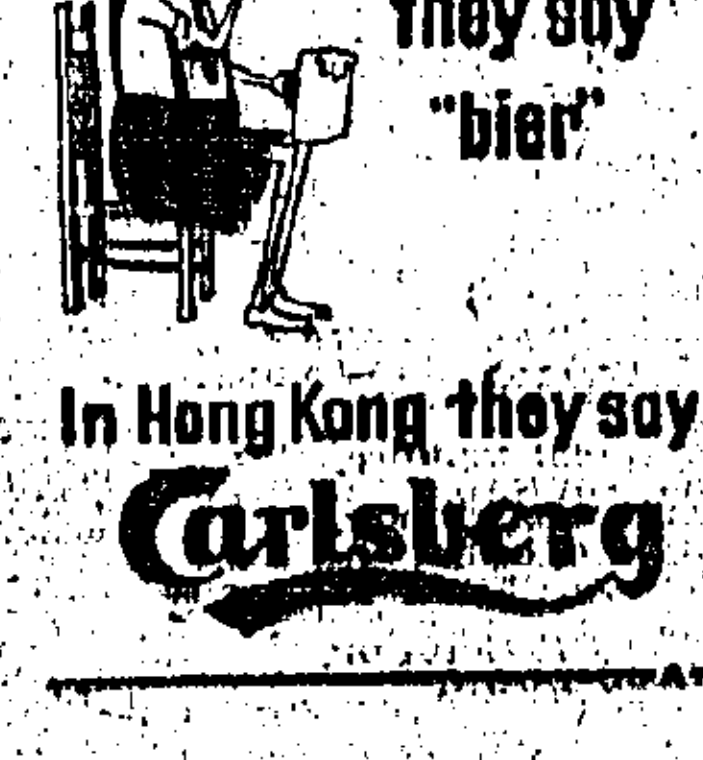
HOW COULD I POSSIBLY BE?



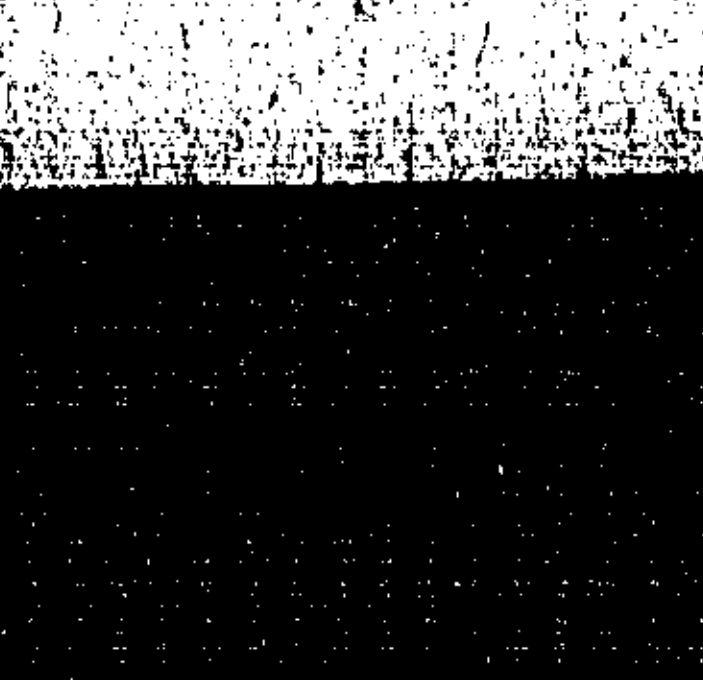
YOU COULDN'T HAVE PARKED SOMEWHERE ELSE?



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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT IRC Prove Themselves Worthy Lawn Bowls League Champions

By I. M. MACTAVISH

In many parts of the world today soccer is really big business and I cannot do better than start my column this week with a delightful story — almost certainly fictitious — about a recent applicant for the job of manager of one of England's leading teams.

After a long process of elimination a former star found himself the selected candidate and he was a very proud man as he was called for a private meeting with the club chairman.

It was with deflated ego he left the boardroom a few short minutes afterwards on completion of a brief but important interview by the head of the board.

He had said "In looking through the various pieces of correspondence we have had with you I notice with regret that we did not inform you of the club's motto which reads 'If at first you don't succeed, YOU'RE FIRED'... Good afternoon."

Lawn Bowls holds a very special place in the affections of the Hongkong sporting public. Many visitors are surprised at the importance which is accorded to what is often erroneously called 'an old man's game'.

Last Saturday I had the pleasure of seeing the competitive aspect of the game exploited with determination and relentless concentration yet with a fine sense of good sportsmanship and fairplay that spoke volumes for the qualities of the men who week in and week out in our hot humid summer roll their woods in the Colony's excellent Lawn Bowls League.

My enjoyment last Saturday centred on the needle match between the strong Indian Recreation Club team and those grand sportsmen from Kowloon Docks.

What A Game!

What a game this turned out to be. At the half way stage both teams were more than satisfied with the virtual equality of the situation. Both sides had played like speculative champions and it had been a reckless pass-out who would have forecast victory for either team.

Maybe it was the curly puffs maybe it was the traditional Indian hospitality maybe it was the rub of the green or better staying power but when play was resumed after the tea interval it was the Indians who steadily forged ahead. Consistency and endurance are the vital essentials of all who aspire to league championship standard and in these important qualities it was the Indian Recreation Club boys who were superior.

Hassan played like the internationalist he is and a five at a crucial stage gave not only his own rink but his whole team the stimulant they needed. From that moment the Indians never really looked back and in the end they triumphed — albeit narrowly — on all three rinks to ensure that the 1959 Championship trophy would rest worthily on their sideboard.

Quite apart from the excellent sportsmanship and skill which both sides displayed I left this memorable match with two special memories.

The first was of the foresight and wisdom of the IRC selectors in introducing young players to their senior team.

GILCHRIST IS A MENACE

By ALEX BANNISTER

London.

As a protest against the tactics of Roy Gilchrist, the West Indies Test howling express, Bill Lawton, captain of Oldham, declared his side's innings closed at 21 for two wickets, with two hours left for play last week, and conceded the Central Lancashire League match to Middleton, who had made 178.

The crowd swarmed round the pavilion in uproar.

A day after Lawton, husband of actress Dora Bryan, told me why he took this sensational step, which was supported by his team and committee.

Bouncer Start

"Three of the five batsmen who had been to the crease were hit," he told me. "One of those hurt was a 15-year-old boy. Gilchrist's opening ball was a bouncer, and then followed his usual assortment."

"Umpires are empowered to stop this sort of thing, but if they don't, someone has got to make a protest."

"I am convinced that he will kill some poor batsman one of these days. In my opinion he

This is both a wise and profitable policy and the club will reap the real benefit in the years to come.

The second memory concerned one of the greatest shots I have ever had the pleasure of seeing on a bowling green. It was the sort of effort that friends, foes and impartial observers, clapping in spontaneous appreciation.

Magnificent Effort

The shot was played by Arnold Elliot at a time when failure would have finished the game. As he stepped up to roll the last wood of the head he was faced with the position that his immediate opponent — M. B. Hassan — lay five and maybe even six shots. To an inexperienced observer like me there seemed little or no salvation for the dockmen and if I am any judge of individual reactions, Elliot's front men held out little hope for his final effort.

Hassan and his mates had done a pretty thorough job of sewing up the situation... but all of them, that is front men, opponents, and spectators had counted without the sure eye and steady arm of the KDC skip.

With uncanny skill, and with that little bit of good fortune which favours the brave, Elliot somehow contrived to twist and bend his wood through an apparently impossible succession of 'ports' to score the very first shot.

It was a magnificent effort, a shot fit to win a championship. But just as one swallow has never made a summer, so one shot even as great as this one was not enough to set his rink or his team through to victory.

The Indians were rightly jubilant about their victory. They had had a fine season. The Colony has had no more worthy champions than the men — and boys — from Sookunpo.

A few weeks ago I congratulated the Hongkong Softball Association on the enterprise it displayed in sending its ladies representative team to Taiwan.

The tourists have now returned and the success of their venture has been given wide publicity both in the press and through the medium of sound broadcasting and television.

Best Wishes

New another group of ladies have sailed forth from the Colony in search of even greater international laurels and the best wishes of our entire sporting community will go out to the Hongkong Uber Cup team in their current visit to Malaysia.

Erratic Helen Kwong heads a group of young ladies who lack nothing in ambition or determination and, while the experts seem to give them little chance of success against the powerful and experienced Malaysian team, we know enough about our representatives to believe that they will not be beaten easily if they are beaten at all.

throws, and is the fastest in the business.

"The result made no difference to Middleton, who had already won the championship, or to teams in a challenging position."

We Argued

"After the game I had a drink with Gilchrist in the club bar, and we argued a bit. He had his view and I had mine. 'No, I think I am right.' 'I think I am right.'"

Gilchrist, who was born in India, after disagreements with his captain, Gerry Alexander, has been banned by the West Indies for his tactics with England during the winter.

He said: "I am sorry and shocked about the whole business. I was bowling fairly and faithfully."

The Hongkong Badminton Association deserves nothing but praise for its endeavours to see the Colony's name in its rightful place in the international limelight.

The mission to Malaya is an expensive one and only those who have been privileged to peep behind the scenes can appreciate how much effort had to go into the gathering together of the necessary cash. To an organization like the Hongkong Badminton Association \$7,000 is a princely sum and the fact that it has been raised, and the fact that the team is now in Malaya, is indeed a royal performance by the people behind the scenes.

We must wait now and see if our on-the-court exponents can set the right kind of victory seal on the whole affair.

Before the Hongkong soccer party left the Colony to play in Malaya it was the general opinion of people close to the team that we had been fortunate in being drawn in an "easy" section of the annual Merdeka tournament.

Maybe from a moral point of view it would have been better if our representatives had gone overseas in the knowledge that they would have to tackle the 'big guns' in the competition for it must have come as a great surprise to local football followers to hear that a very strong Hongkong side failed to overcome Japan at the first attempt.

Our boys eventually disposed of the Japanese opposition in the replay but when we remember the relative strengths of the two teams when they met in Hongkong not very long ago it is difficult to account for the near failure of our team in Malaya.

HK Standard Down? According to many press reports most of the glory of the first encounter went to our opponents and one can only wonder if our standard has slipped alarmingly or whether Japan has made astonishing progress.

It would be wrong to put too much weight on a single game but it is a pity that Japan had succeeded in eliminating us — as they very nearly did — there would have been plenty of Hongkong soul-searching to have been done.

The Merdeka competition is becoming an excellent barometer of Far East football. It is a well-organised affair and the 1959 edition has indicated a subtle levelling out of standards.

Korea, like Hongkong, has things this year just a bit harder and tougher than before. The struggle for soccer supremacy in this part of the world is becoming a most interesting one.

Fast reputations nowadays count for very little. The only thing that matters is victory on the field of play and once any of the so-called big names start missing out on that vital essential they start falling to justify their position.

International eminence is best achieved, and prepared for, by regular matches against foreign opposition.

The HKFA has shown a real appreciation of this and the efforts they are making to bring attractive visitors to our midst during the incoming season should help our players to put an even sharper edge on their climb back to a more prominent position in Far East football. We have been in the doldrums long enough. Our latest temper tarnished defeat by Japan shows we still have much work to do.

... and finally a reminder

for boxing fans.

The big show in connection with the Centenary of the Army Physical Training Corps takes place at the King George's Hall, Mission to Seamen next Saturday evening.

The organizers are reported to have built up a really attractive programme featuring many of the best Services boxers in the Far East.

This promises to be excellent sporting entertainment and if you have not yet got a ticket you may still be lucky if you contact the D.O.P.T. at Land Forces Headquarters. Its telephone number is 3412. Extension 408. In pugilistic parlance the show gives every indication of being a proper knock-out.

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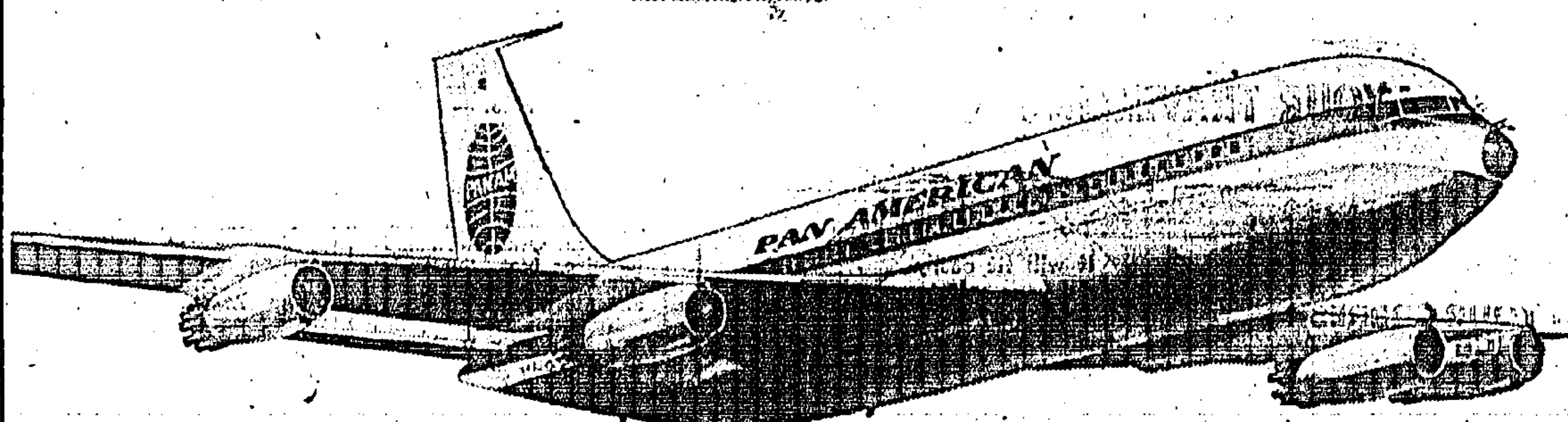
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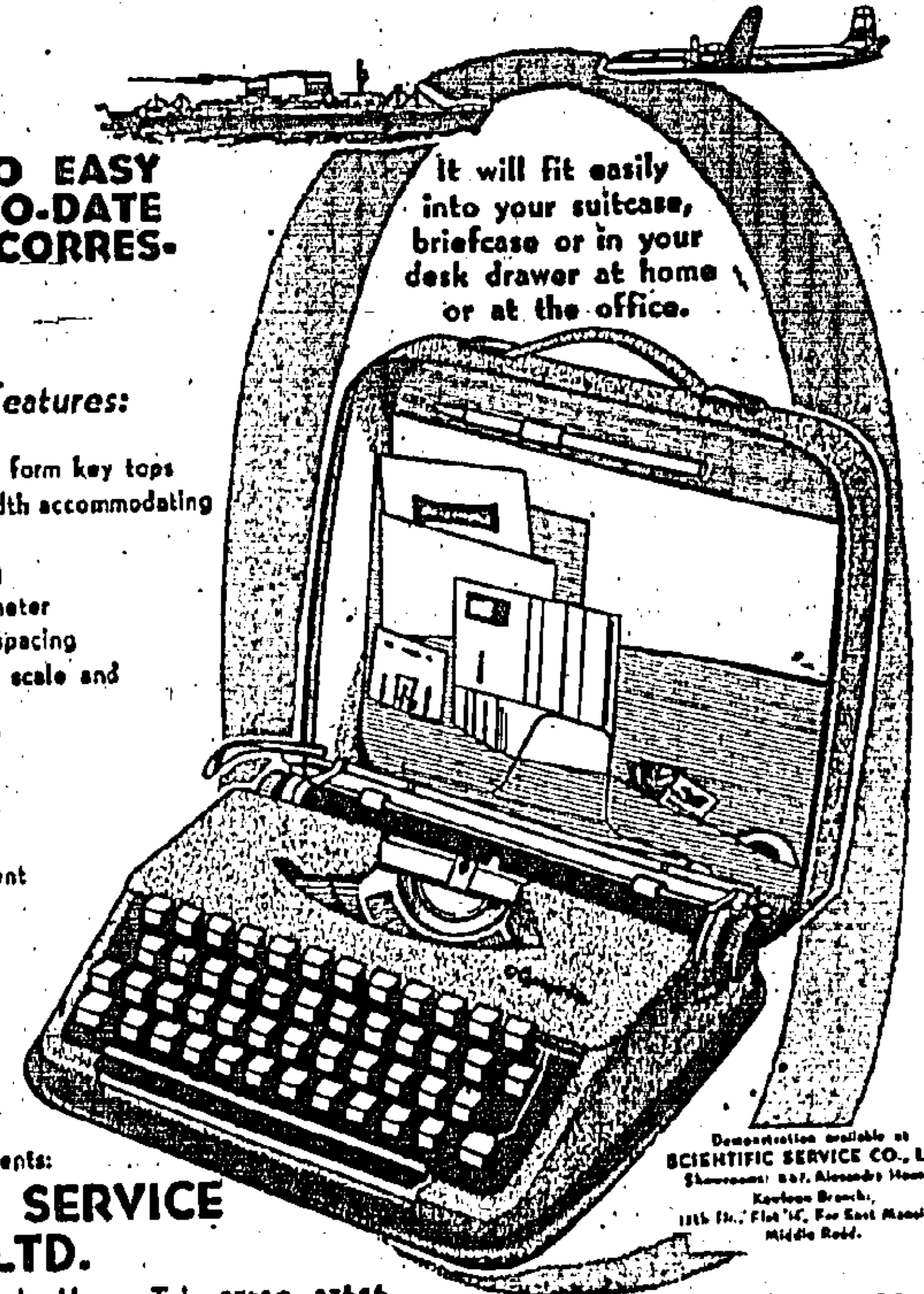
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Surrey Finish Third GLOUCESTER GAIN BONUS POINTS FOR SECOND

London, Sept. 4.
The English county cricket championship, already won by Yorkshire, ended today with Surrey, winners for the last seven years, relegated to third place.

County Cricket Results

London, Sept. 4.
Results in today's cricket matches were:
At Fakenham — Kent beat Nottinghamshire by an innings and 88 runs. Nottinghamshire 127 and secondly 101, G. Millman 52, Kent 380, Kent 14 points.
At Hove — Sussex beat Warwickshire by seven wickets. Sussex 274 and secondly 42 for three. Warwickshire 169 and secondly 243, T. Cartwright 84 not out, Sussex 14 points.
At Hastings — match drawn. Gilligan's XI 375 and secondly 200 for seven declared. F. Worrell 54, G. Sobers 45.
At India 285 and 254 for six, A. Apple 112, C. Borde 63.
At Blackpool — Lancashire beat Somerset by 41 runs. Lancashire 230 and 253, Somerset 170 and 272, P. Wright 106, Lancashire 14 points.
At the Oval — Northamptonshire beat Surrey by four wickets. Surrey 206 and 214, R. Barrington 87, Northamptonshire 218 and 203 for six, D. Barrick 57 not out, T. Lock five for 107, Northamptonshire 14 points.
At Lords — match drawn. Glamorgan 364 for eight declared and 195 for nine declared, W. Parkhouse 99.
At Middlesex 269 and 193 for eight, Glamorgan four points.
At Scarborough — Yorkshire beat MCC by seven wickets.
MCC 329 for nine declared and secondly 261 for five declared, M. Horton 50, D. Insole 50.
Yorkshire 331 for five declared and 200 for three, W. Stott 59, D. Padgett 58, D. Close 58 not out, Reuter.

Fallible

Miami, Sept. 4.
The Miami staff of the U.S. Bureau held its annual picnic yesterday, but had to hold up dinner because of a downpour that dropped more than two inches of rain in about three hours.—UPI.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is—NO.

Surrey and Gloucestershire each finished with 185 points—16 behind Yorkshire—but Gloucestershire edge the former champions out of second place by getting more bonus points—28 to Surrey's 26.
Northamptonshire, Surrey's bogey team in recent years, gained their fifth victory in five years over the ex-champions after being set to get 203 to win.

Bowlers Flopped

The Surrey bowling, apart from Tony Lock, flopped badly and Northamptonshire won with an hour to spare.
Warwickshire, who finished fourth in the championship with 184 points and would have been alone in second place had they taken their last match, instead lost by seven wickets to Sussex, who hit off the 30 runs needed for victory in 30 minutes.
Glamorgan also had a chance of snatching second place but failed in their bid to beat Middlesex at Lords.
Glamorgan's Gilbert Parkhouse, who hit 103 in the first innings, failed by one run to complete another century in the second innings.—Reuter.

Argentine Crisis Ends

Buenos Aires, Sept. 4.
The Argentine army crisis which earlier threatened to flame into civil war was apparently settled today with the resignation of War Minister General Elviro Arana and an announcement that General Carlos Toranzo Montero would be reinstated as army chief.—Reuter.

COMMERCIAL

11.30 a.m. Theme Time: 11.30 a.m. Jazz: 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. Information Desk: 2. Open House: 2.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Big Brass Band: 3.45 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Music from Britain: 4.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. But the Cover's Love: 5.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. Blow Suck Blow: 6.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. 8.45 Chorus: 7.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. 10.15 1 Dig: 10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. 11.30 p.m. Nick Kendall: Midnight, Close Down.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley—Sally Concert Players and All Stars. 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. Composer Cavalcade: 1.30 p.m. to 2.30 p.m. News and Music: 2.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Saturday Requiem: 3.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Hit of the Year: 4.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Of the Prairie: 5.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. Larry Clinton: 6.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. Nancy: 7.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Meet The Stars: 8.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. The Jazz Band: 9.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Music of the Future: 10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Palace of Varieties: 11.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Host: Ray Cordell. Stop Press: 11.30 p.m. Dance Party: 11.30 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. 1.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. 2.30 a.m. to 3.30 a.m. 3.30 a.m. to 4.30 a.m. 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. 5.30 a.m. to 6.30 a.m. 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 a.m. 12.30 a.m. to 1.30 a.m. 1.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. 2.30 a.m. to 3.30 a.m. 3.30 a.m. to 4.30 a.m. 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. 5.30 a.m. to 6.30 a.m. 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 a.m. 12.30 a.m. to 1.30 a.m. 1.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. 2.30 a.m. to 3.30 a.m. 3.30 a.m. to 4.30 a.m. 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. 5.30 a.m. to 6.30 a.m. 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 a.m. 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 a.m. 12.30 a.m. to 1.30 a.m. 1.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. 2.30 a.m. to 3.30 a.m. 3.30 a.m. to 4.30 a.m. 4.30 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. 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